

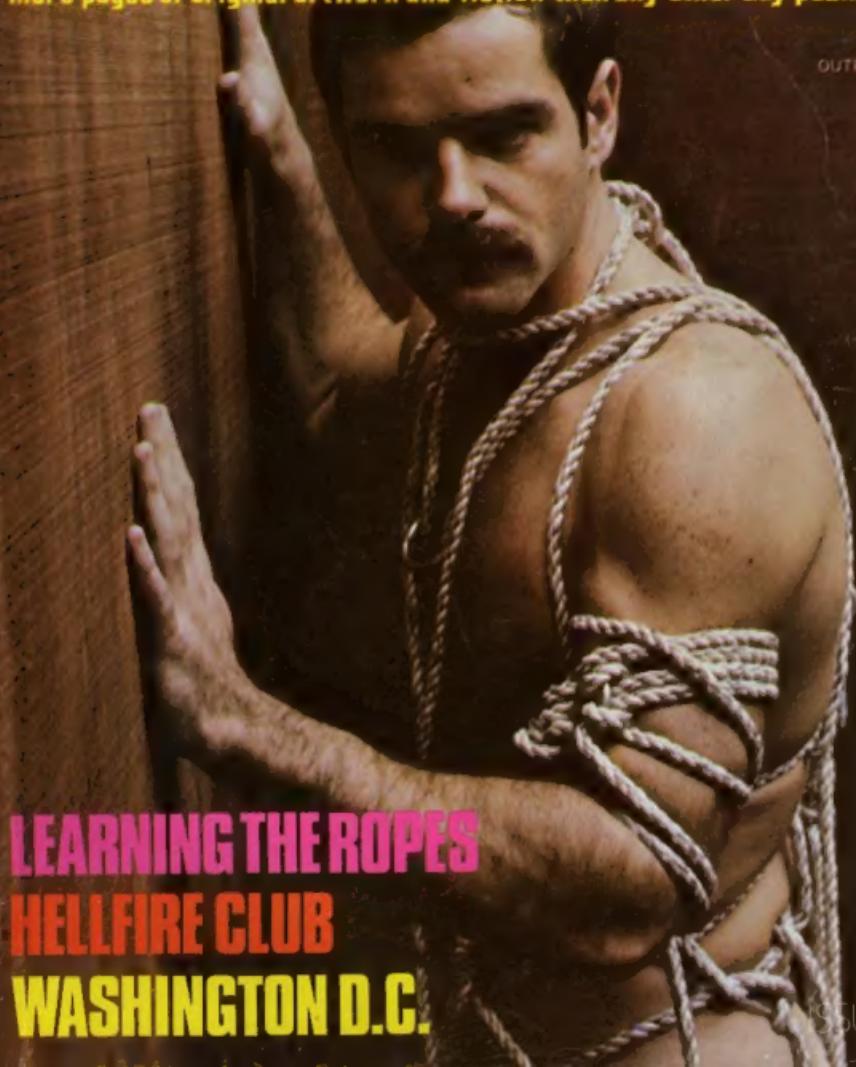
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DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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10. *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, 1980, 75, 362-375.

GETTING OFF

THE ANGEL OF DEATH

We're not even going to bother telling you that PCP (commonly called angel dust) will kill you. We expect you already know that. We're not going to do a number on you about why you shouldn't be doing angel dust. We have to assume any intelligent man who cares about his physical and mental welfare wouldn't put a loaded gun in his mouth and pull the trigger. And anyone who does PCP is pulling a deadly-reaction trigger. Not in a few cases, not in maybe half the cases, but in the overwhelming majority of cases of PCP users.

Rather, we'd like to raise a few points about the contradictions between the right to decide your own destiny and the amazing comfortableness with which people dump this shit into their bodies and brains.

Let's start with the man who uses PCP with regularity, who routinely soaks his joints in PCP; who offers to share a joint with the man he has just met in his favorite leather bar; whose rationale for turning someone else on to PCP without their prior consent is his own biased feelings about the drug. It's the old "LDS in the water-cooler" act, brought up to match the permissiveness of the 1980s. If you were the unsuspecting victim to such a wide-spread act, if you had the kind of severe reaction to PCP that a tremendous number of people encounter their first time, you might find his actions criminal.

Let's take the guy who claims "Sex is great with angel dust — I've never had sex so wonderful, so intense." That's bullshit. PCP is a high-powered animal tranquilizer, meant to incapacitate 300 or more pound animals.

But PCP isn't like an overdose of barbituates, where you can zero out in the privacy of your bedroom. PCP isn't a stay-at-home drug, it's a go-out-and-party drug, where you might have to drive to get where you're going, zonked out of your mind, and possibly kill someone else. PCP is a senseless drug, where you might accidentally kill your sex partner because you've lost all concept of reality and don't know the difference between a slap on the face that arouses and a smash to the head that obliterates.

No, PCP isn't suicide, suicide is clean.

But there's another aspect to PCP and to all "social" drugs you should consider — one that should make you angry. Ours is a society constantly given sedatives. It begins in infancy, and it's promulgated by two factions: The industry that lives off the manufacture of drugs — all kinds of drugs; and the forces that understand all too well that a tranquil society is a docile society. It's an easy conclusion, it doesn't require philosophical questions about "rights"; it's how you're exploited and suppressed.

You can't be in touch or aware of your sexuality when you're loaded; you can't be in control of your destiny when you're loaded; you can just be used.

— John W. Rowberry

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

SHAVED GRATITUDE

You are the greatest! I wrote about my love for being shaved and the next issue had that great photo-essay on shaving as a mark of submission.

I love it when my Master shaves me, especially when he turns me over so he can shave my asshole. The feeling of his hands, the razor, and being so close to him is fantastic! After he's given me a full shave and my buns are really bare, he really gets turned on and shaves his big meat into me. Sometimes after a shave and a fuck, he uses a belt on my ass until he has left a few marks, then makes me go to the baths. You're right, everybody knows that I belong to him!

Bruce
Philadelphia, PA

IVAN CURRY

The Diary of Private Ivan Curry (DRUMMER 33) was a real hard stimulator — how I would enjoy the pleasure and some pain at the receiving end of that private!

Larry Campbell
Sherman Oaks, CA

OBIT

I loved the subtle obit in *Getting Off, The Duke Is Dead*, DRUMMER No. 33. Thank you and congratulations. Some of our macho fellows confuse following an up-tight-tight-assed conservative with being on the right side. I'll bet you got a couple of snotty objections from old Nixonites who resented the editorial. I've always found it hard to understand that being gay doesn't necessarily make one a liberal — or even an understanding man. As, of course, it should.

J.S.
New York, NY

SHAVED THEN SPANNED

I want to tell you what a great job you did on the article and series of photographs you ran on body shaving (DRUMMER No. 32). Yours is the only magazine that has the guts to do something of that kind, and this is why you're far above the rest.

One thing I've never seen given due justice is spanking. Nothing would turn me, and probably a lot of your readers, on than to see a man turned over an older man's knees receiving the spanking of his life.

There are lots of magazines that show two women, one spanking the other, or a guy spanking a girl — but never two guys.

I'm sure that if any magazine would take the lead in this area, it would be yours.

S.B.
Providence, RI

EARTH AND WATER

The Val and Bob centerfold (DRUMMER NO. 31) was first class; on a par with the lifeguard centerfold of Gordon Grant a few issues back. The shaving feature was okay, but here's another idea for a future issue: What about showing us Bob and Val, or maybe Gordon Grant, getting it on in the mud? It's always a real turn-on to watch macho studs in the movies or on TV stumble into or be forced into mud or quicksand.

D.C.W.F.
Culver City, CA

TAXED BY THE INCH

Thought you might enjoy this latest IRS regulation:

The only thing the IRS will not tax is your cock. This is due to the fact that 40% of the time it is unemployed, 30% of the time it is pissed off, 20% of the time it is hard up and 10% of the time it is in the hole. On top of this it has two dependents and they are both nuts.

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Ruben J. Cutchapeckeroff

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Edward Lucie-Smith
writing in ART AND ARTISTS
December 1979, England

LESS COCKSUCKING, PLEASE

Put in a little more B&D and S&M and a little less cock sucking. Your overuse of it grabs me about the same way those extra long lines at the supermarket do on a Friday night. You lose interest fast. Also, keep up the artwork. J.A.L.E.S.
Madison, WI

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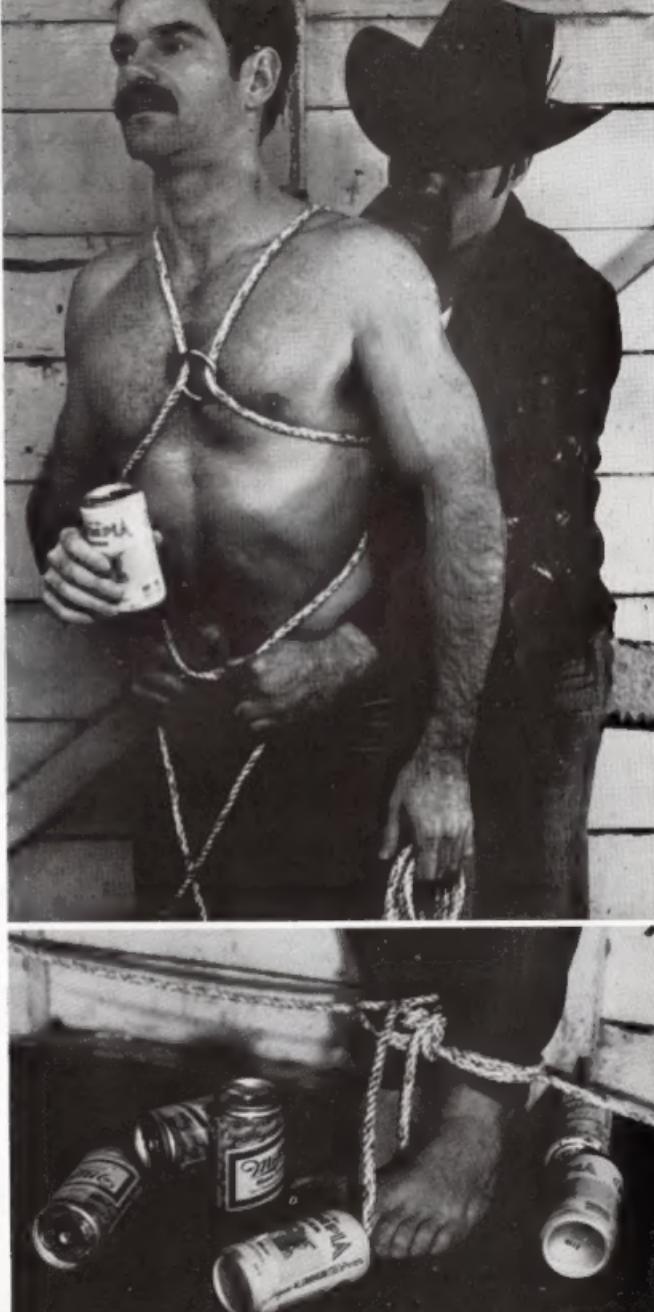
"WHAT THE HELL
AM I DOING HERE?!"

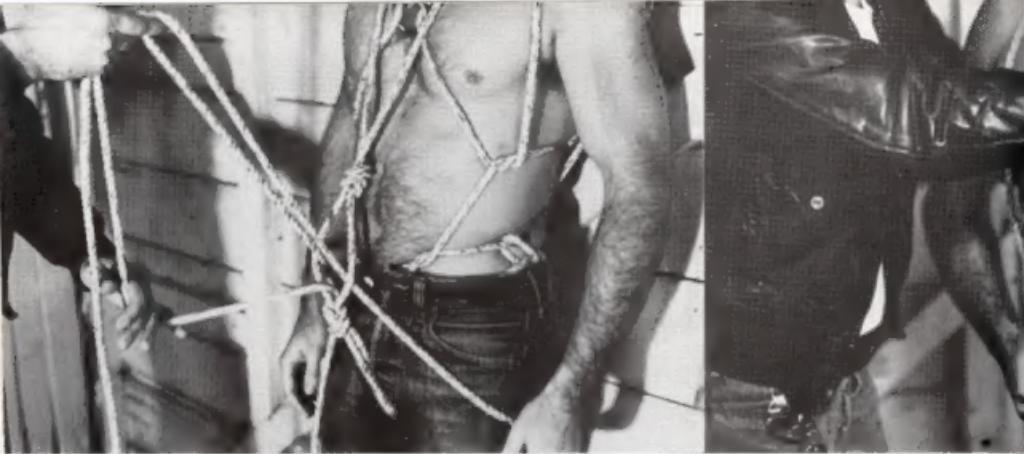
NUMBER 8

LEARNING THE ROPES OR T.J. AND THE BARE

by Robert Payne

You gotta admit that T.J. is somewhat of an artistic genius. For one thing, he recently developed the leather roses you see everywhere from I. Magnin's to the Pleasure Chest. But where we met him was last fall at the CMC Carnival in San Francisco. He was doing demonstrations of custom rope harnesses on some of the hunkiest bodies there. He, and they, are a joy to watch so watch we did. He sizes up the bare body before him and decides where the contours fall and the bulk is, then he goes to work with mostly cotton rope. The lines of the rope outline the musculature and add to the definition. At least that is the theory and we came to the conclusion that he is right. No two harnesses are the same any more than any two bodies are identical. T.J.'s harnesses are ones of a kind and like the giant canvas fence Christo erected on the Northern California coast, they are temporary at best. There is no way to remove them other than to untie or cut the rope. Not the sort of thing you would get off the rack at the local leather shop or sell direct mail to a devoted audience of fetish hedonists.





Cornering T.J. wasn't too difficult. He had been touted as a tempermental, difficult artist. He turned out to be just the opposite, charming, polite and as attractive as his models. We set up a date and he even arrived early with his duffle bag of rings and ropes and leather thongs. By the time the photographer got there, we'd consumed a six pack. The photographer and his assistant helped us polish off another while we waited for the model, whom we had also met at the CMC Carnival. He had been a Mr. Leather contestant and had the broad shoulders, big pocs, arms, calves and thighs to match. The kind of

body and face you find in the physique studio's brochures. Trouble was, we found out later, that the night before he got hit by a car near Castro, was laid up in the hospital all weekend but nobody bothered to let us know. A phone call produced this information and we were about to scratch the session. Somebody had the idea that T.J. could tie up the photographer but then who would take the pictures? After enough six packs you get ideas like that.

Enter Kurt, who happened to drop by. It has been our opinion for a long time that he was one of the hottest guys



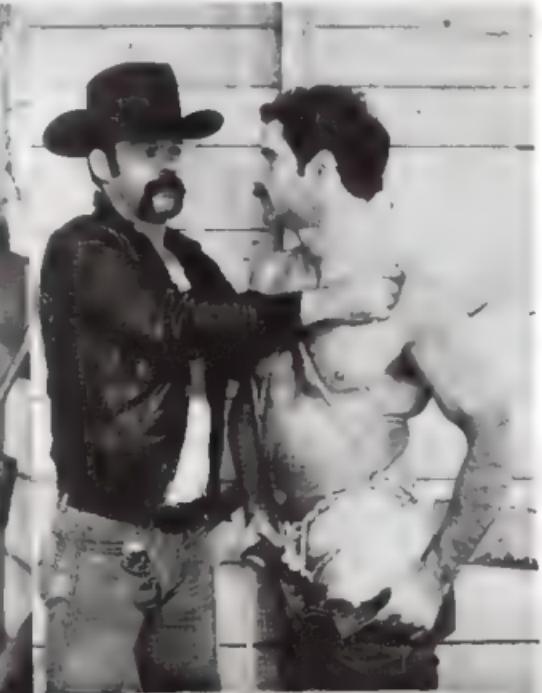


around. Good looking, natural build, a pleasure to know. After pouring the remainder of another six pack down him, he allowed as to how the whole thing might be a turn-on. Lord knows T.J. was ready to go and we decided to strike--while our photographer was still on his feet. So we hauled Kurt down to the basement, took away his shirt, shoes and socks and T.J. got out the equipment. Our rope artist was enamored with the back of the garage door. After a couple of passes around Kurt's torso, he decided that the model should be tied to the door. Nobody bothered asking Kurt, T.J. just

started tying. What creative fun

We put up large steel hooks across the top of the door and T.J. connected Kurt to a fan-shape rope formation not unlike a parachute line pattern. By tying the model's feet to the bottom of the door he automatically leaned out at an angle, which made him more accessible.

T.J. says his harnesses are almost always symmetrical because the body is. With smaller cord they can almost be knitted to the body. But the way the beer and poppers were flowing, our little group was not into anything that elaborate. Most har-





LEARNING THE ROPEs

ness, of course, limit themselves to the upper part of the torso, seldom going below the crotch. However, it is quite possible to completely encase the entire body in the macrame with the legs resembling the thigh-height leggings of Roman soldiers. The feet can be encased as well with an arrangement that will take on the appearance of rope sandals.

All sorts of possibilities come to mind, at least to a mind like mine. The subject can be completely woven into his rope harness down to his toes, which would be bound separately. Rope cock ring, ball stretcher, connected to the rope collar, back through the crotch and up the crack of the ass back to the rope around the neck or circling the upper chest. Then you can let him put his clothes back on and take him out for the evening. You will find him hobbling and virtually unable to comfortably sit down although nothing will be showing other than a bit of rope around the neck. He'll love it as will your friends when you make him strip down for them to examine your handiwork. Of course, not all of us are artists like T.J., but you will improve if you just keep practicing.

During the session T.J. left Kurt's hands free, although the rest of him was connected rather securely to the big heavy door. His ankles being tied together assured the fact that there would be little movement except for the parts of the body that had to be moved to pass the rope back and forth.

We had an agreement with Kurt that the photography would be limited to the upper body. But the beer and poppers and the excitement of it all took their toll and when you have a beautiful guy like Kurt tied to your garage wall, who is going to let conscience get in the way! We took his levity away from him, wrapped a few feet of rope about his cock and balls, then T.J. did a leather thong harness design. This turned everyone on so that we made him keep it on even after he was untied.

The whole day was a creative experience. First thing that I did later was to go to a hardware store and buy a couple hundred feet of cotton clothesline. I have been practicing on the houseboy, who, if not a willing subject, knows better than to complain. The results aren't nearly as artistic as T.J.'s but my subject doesn't really know the difference. And once he is secured nice and tight to the garage door, I can take all the time I want practicing. Rope marks can be a problem but the beauty of an arrangement such as ours is, like love, never having to say you're sorry.





by JOHN PRESTON
with Anthony DeBlase

There are about 20 members of Hellfire, more than 20 "Friends" who live in the Chicago area, and some 30 "Associates" scattered around the country. They may not form an inclusive elite of men into S&M, but they definitely are the largest single group of identifiable figures in that underground community. There are at least two gatherings a month in the clubhouse located at a secret address in Chicago. Parts of their activities are to be expected: there is the business of being a club. But once a month there is Inferno night.

The night is by invitation only. If you insist you could call it an "orgy." If you demanded that kind of literalness. But, there is no other club orgy like it in the country. There is no other club with the equipment available, the male flesh willing, the expertise to be called upon. The members of what is officially the Chicago Hellfire Club are not concerned with the clone-like stud wearing a leather jacket and thinking about "hot sex." The Hellfire men are interested in S&M. If all they wanted was to talk dirty, while they had their cock sucked they'd go to a book store or a bath. They want something more than that.

And besides, they're preparing for Inferno itself, every month.

They also are interested in the pool of knowledge they know their members share. They've heard of two men, one an M.D., the other a male nurse, who have made a science out of catheter trips. They know men who have studied forms of bondage that were used centuries ago in Japan and China. They know men who have taken fist-fucking to an extreme. They hold Fetish nights to talk, experiment, observe.

Every month they see if these men know enough to demonstrate their skills at Inferno.

The whole group of men who are the Hellfire Club spend their year waiting, planning and working for Inferno. Their networks are actually so well developed that finding the experts in every area isn't such a great problem. Their great problem is deciding who can attend.

The location, a rural spot in Northern Illinois, is also a secret. There is a limit to the number of men who can be accommodated. There is a need to screen the applicants. They expect to know the men in their own area who apply. One of the reasons they've nurtured a national list of "Associate Members" is to have men in other cities who can pass personal judgment — usually only after personal experience — on the out-of-town people.

What are they looking for? Seriousness. Inferno is not for novices. It is not for men who think they "might" be interested in sadism and masochism, or who hope they'll be happy as a slave or master. Inferno is for men who've made the major decisions. It's for men who want to deepen experience, not begin it. The screening process is a series of steps mak-

PART II HELLFIRE INFERNO



ing sure that the applicants have the beginnings already in hand and the willingness to go that next step further.

The screening process also is necessary to make sure that the men are able

to handle Inferno. Sure, there are lots of men who get off on having a pair of hand cuffs attached to their wrists while some one wearing a leather jacket fucks them. And there are men who think it's hot to

drink a little piss after they've sucked off a stud. But what's going to happen to their minds when they're put in bondage for an ent're weekend and can't make their pleas for release convincing enough



A HELLFIRE CLUB member gets the Marine drill sergeant treatment with no ifs, and or buts... just "Yes, Sir." As other members look on, the "recruit" is put through his paces.

(Opposite page) A bottom man is tested for his sincerity in passing. He passes the test.

to secure their freedom? Or, how are they going to react when they find themselves chained to a urinal for an entire day with a sign, "Toilet," hanging around their neck? Can they take it?

The Hellfire Club has to know that an applicant is serious when he says he's into being whipped. To him it might mean he's had someone take a belt to his ass; to them it means he's ready to be strung up on a rack and worked over with more leather than he's ever dreamed of.

Once the men get to Inferno, they're expected to perform. Once the weekend gets going on Friday night, there's no break in the action. By Saturday breakfast, the seeking eyes of the bottoms and

the measuring eyes of the tops are going at breakneck speed, and they're not going to stop till Sunday night. There are hardly any limits at Inferno.

That's the secret of its success. You can probably find someone who'll join any single trip you've ever fantasized. In the 1979 Inferno there were Men into catheters, men into being beaten until they bled, military trainers, slave masters, plantation overseers, whipmasters, piercing experts, demonstrations (many) of electrical torture devices. And, everyone found someone. Everybody arrived with such a heightened sense of expectation that they were *ready*. They were ready to let loose their fantasies and explore their hidden realities. "Yes, sir!" reverberated through the site. Everyone wanted to say "yes" if this weekend it wasn't the time to sit and wonder whether or not ...

And what performances!

If you had arrived at Inferno on Friday night, you would have checked in, been assigned a bunk in one of the cabins, and you'd have had your fifteen bunk-mates watch carefully as you unpacked, waiting to see what kinds of uniforms, equipment, insignias you had brought with you. You might not have made it out of the cabin if the messages you sent out were the right ones. When you went over to the social gathering place for a beer and a little renewal of acquaintances you would have passed a human urinal. Stop and give the guy the time of day or join him. Get through with your introductions and then make your choices.

to the Dungeon for the heavy stuff, or the fish-fucking space, or the watersports arena? It was a candy store and everyone was eating. Everyone was eating a lot.

There's so much to eat, in fact, that there's no time to zero in on any one person. There's too much to do at Inferno. Not that there isn't personal exchange there were more telephone numbers and addresses flying around than at a sales men's convention. Part of the interchanges were fantasies, themselves.

In the dungeon a slave was firmly attached to a rack. His master stood in front of him, gradually adding more and more weights to already loaded tit clamps. The sight was beautiful, the straining of the body, the pulling of the skin, the abject servitude of the bottom. Another top wandered over, admiringly. The two sadists exchanged glances. The first stepped away, whispering, "He's yours." The slave had his first and foremost fantasy realized -- to be given away, without option, without consent, without concern. His eyes lit up with a combination of fear and pleasure as his man walked away, abandoning him to the care of this new master.

A great pleasure of Inferno is certainly voyeuristic. Even when you find those things you don't want to participate in yourself, they're there for your viewing enjoyment. Maybe you're not into "owning" a slave -- it doesn't mean you can't get off on watching a collared stud licking his plate clean on the floor of the mess hall. Even if you're not into piss, you can identify the whole range of reactions that's going through the mind of the bottom whose master is sending him around the room collecting urine





samples in a half-gallon container that's eventually going to be his "beer" for the night. Pain may turn you off, but not the sight of an elegantly competent master-wielding leather orn the willingly offered back of a masochist.

You didn't belong in Inferno if you were going to put down anyone's trip. If you're open enough to admit it, there's something powerfully sensuous about the existence of this whole range of sexual pleasure being performed in front of your eyes.

The weekend works well for a number of reasons — not the least of which is the care the Hellfire members put into the planning and execution. They're superb logisticians and skillful teachers. They had all the facilities ready, they laid down coherent sensible rules and forced everyone to adhere to them. Their planning led to one of the highlights of the weekend — the two different configurations of equipment in the Dungeon — and fantastical ex-chapel converted into one of the most sophisticated playrooms

you ever saw. Each night a totally different set of equipment was available.

Their awareness of their guests' needs and enjoyments also let them bring a little levity into the weekend. It may even have been necessary, the pressure of the intense sexuality had to be relieved. Joking, as such, was never appropriate outside the mighty cocktail party. But, who said the names of the buildings and roads didn't need to — couldn't be humorous? The social area became the "Black and Blue Lounge," the out-building set aside





for flogging was Casa Granda, and the one for water sports, "Aqua Viva Villa." And where else would you give a demonstration of flogging other than "Scaffold Square?"

Even with the levity to break some of

the tension, Inferno remained, though, a very serious affair. In talking with the participants there was no doubt that everyone was in earnest about the week end. Limits, hesitations, distrust—all of them faded in the atmospheric created

by Inferno. The business man from New York became a slave more thoroughly than he had ever allowed himself before the top from the Midwest finally acknowledged the desire to reverse roles, the military disciplinarian found a whole





brigade of willing cadets.

The experience raised questions about the nature of S&M. Could this trust and willingness to experiment happen w/out firm guidelines? At this level of S&M the club imposed a rule against the use of drugs. Is there some point where drug induced fantasies are a different form than those created by our own heads? There was so much that so many people were able to do at Inferno that they reported an inability or unwillingness to do outside the "safe space" created by the club. The level of S&M at



at Inferno requires expertise, are there other groups besides Hellfire that can at least indicate a man's ability to go into these rarified areas? Most interestingly, it was clear that the leather-jacketed clones of Christopher and Castro Streets would have been out of place at Inferno. Their ideas of hot sex, hot images, Colt-men-
come-to-life would have been satisfied, but the expectations of the men they admired would have left them running home in desperate fear. Some of the hot-

test men at Inferno didn't even own a leather jacket — image isn't always reality.

One of the best elements of Inferno was its restatement of a truism of S&M. That same Christopher/Castro clone is too often overheard saying "I wouldn't do that," out of a fear that some silly American concept of his manhood would be compromised if he were seen enjoying sucking cock, or having his pants pulled down to expose his ass to a top's

leather belt. At Inferno, S&M was such an intricate ballet between top and bottom that both of their abilities was to be acknowledged. It takes a real man to take it. It takes an honest man to admit the need/desire/compulsion. Men that real and that honest were unquestionably respected for their abilities.

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SLAVES

by Jason Klein



Illustration by Olaf

The Master was coming to see them today, oh thrill of thrills, if there were enough lobes probes and juicy electric! But there weren't. Not on this planet. Not enough to zap them into excitement when it meant listening to another of the Master's speeches, another of His emotionally overflowing Bibles of false pitying dribble and pride.

My turn. The air was molten and the sun a mere clot. Like scriptures, the slaves stood not daring to shift in the heat or wige away some trickle's torture. Even the desert sands had suffocated, dusty with fire.

"Now tear your ears open, you bubonic wall of hairless rubber luckies. Your blood wants to see Him, you hear? This is the shining glory of your day, the paradise of your ass that He comes to see such fungus. You'll suck His shit if He wants you to, so kiss it. Gag on it, or it's double labor! Now repeat. 'We love the master!' Repeat!"

They sucked in dry lava. "We love the Master!"

"Repeat!"

"We love the Master!" The remnants of their shaved scalps shimmered beneath the sun, sizzled like a pink set of plastic boiling and wanting to drink.

The Slavemaster was weaving them together with obscenities and warning them to love the Master or taste bleach. He was the ultimate torture, Mama with all the chains. Chains. They felt them blistering their ankles and wrists and necks, and still they were expected to cheer. And they would.

Someone spat and crumpled inside the choke of a bola and the swarming spears of its red tape, the Slavemaster's red tape threaded with as many volts as there were people in the land of the enemy. Who was the enemy anyway?

A speck crawled out of the white sky and grew. A dot, an oval, a cylinder, a metallic buzzard buzzing overhead. The machine dropped beside them, but none dared to squint or turn against the cyclones of its exhaust.

All right, who thought of that one?

I did. You want to taste shit?

As long as Mama has us needled together like this, we could at least stick to something a bit more masculine than lace.

It wasn't lace, sandbox flunk. It was loose burlap.

Shut up before Mama hears you.

If they did squint or turn, the chains might catch and then meant Krap Lickup.

That's better.

Suck tongues.

Man, would I like to.

Hey, man, sweat a little. The Master's coming.

Somebody screamed and ran hobbling to a cactus to kiss it, laughing madly before more red tape was busy killing and the body quickly evaporated for public sanitization. No sense getting the Master's feet dirty.

We ought to crucify Him. That'd keep the dust off His pants.

Very crude, Keedie. I hope they crucify you and use ropes instead of nails.

You're all heart, Jackson. All heart.
Living without a body
That wasn't funny, Morton
I know.

The flags snapped into saluting the Master, forgetting there was no wind. Mama the Slavemaster puffed his chest into the Master's ugly stupidity and barked

They slapped their legs and arms against the limit of their fetters and remained racked until the Master finished inspecting their balls one by one.

Mama wagged along, his whispers dragging his body behind as they licked the Master's ear. "You can tell the people we build men out here, Sir. Yes sir, real men."

"I can see that. Yes. A fine bunch of lads you have here. Fine, indeed." He clubbed groins into closing like dominos, as if a domino strutting by on roller skates to make sure the entire line fell down

Jesus Koestler. I may never piss again and you come up with a crack like that?

I'm hoping water will fall in.

God's snot.

The Master ordered the podium to get under His feet, then let His slaves sit calmly in the lava. Resituating their chains, they prepared to stagger out of listening.

"It is with great pride that I look upon you. And as I look

out at so much courage and strength, so do our Great People look out at your courage and strength. They're damn proud of you boys, let me tell you. I admit, there are rebels who think I should be out here instead of you, but who's going to bake the pie if the cock has to do all the apple-picking, right, boys?"

He's worse than that, Morton. Much worse.
Oh, I don't know. I think His jokes are kinda cute.

Yeah, well, we know how much you love being a slave.
More than you do. I love it so much I let it hurt.

Snot on you. I make it hurt.

What was that fast dribble?

Look it up in your ass, boy.

Very red, very red. What did the Great One just say?

Yeah, what if He tests us this time?

Really. You feel what they did to us the last time they caught us not listening.

Something about this is what society is all about. That's what He said

Are you sure?

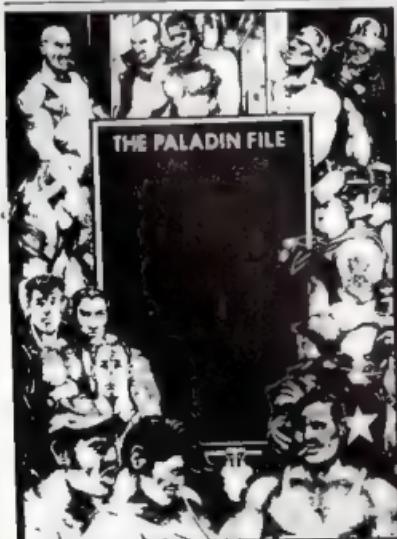
Don't worry about it. He sees our erections.
Stickups, Morton, stickups. The word is stickups.

"Oh, suck noses."

You opened your mouth, Morton. You weren't thinking, Morton.

Good-bye, Morton.

Red tape is so efficient.



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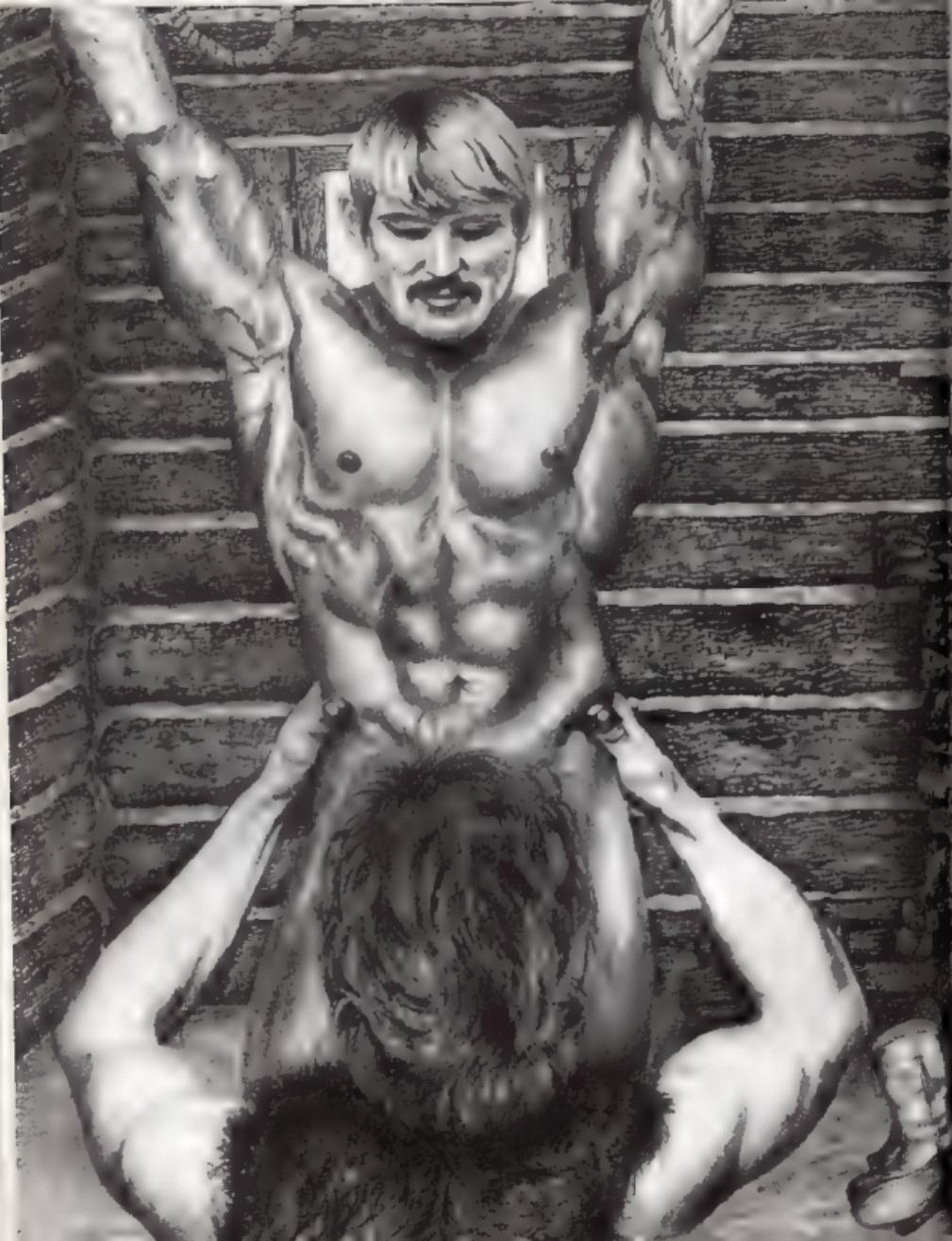
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NELSON OF THE YUKON

by Greg Nero

"Goddamn fucking snow!"

Gord Nelson got shakily back up on his snowshoes. It was the fourth time he'd tripped in the last quarter of a mile and he was getting plenty pissed off. Not only was snow working into his parka hood but his ego was getting mighty bruised. Shit, it didn't look right for a corporal in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to be floundering around in the goddamn snow hundreds of miles from nowhere going after some goddamn Yukon claim jumper!

"Should have just gone in on the snowmobile, instead of leaving it back there," grumbled Nelson. "Snowshoes are for assholes. What's the use of trying to sneak up on him anyway? Fuck, Simard knows I'm coming. The whole Yukon Territory knows I'm here."

"Here" was a couple of miles west of Glacier Creek, about 310 airmiles from Whitehorse and less than 50 miles from the Alaska border. In other words, the middle of nowhere.

When Nelson saw it from the plane, the trapper's cabin looked so easy to reach. There it was, nestled at the end of a canyon, protected on three sides by sheer rock slopes of towering white mountains. The whole job would take a couple of hours. He'd go in, grab Simard and bring him out. At least, it had looked easy.

Corporal Nelson had a duty. He had to succeed where others had failed. Forget that Pierre Simard was only a smalltime claim jumper and gold thief, although with gold selling at today's prices, he wasn't a total idiot. And forget that →

usually raped the men whose claim he jumped (Nelson's lip always curled in disgust when he thought of Simard buggering some poor miner). No, Simard's main crime was that he was proving smarter and tougher than the average cop and making a laughing stock out of the Force. He had to be apprehended because the Force has a tradition to uphold. After all, a Mountie *always* gets his man.

Nelson stopped to catch his breath. All this slogging was taking a lot out of him. Sure, he was only 32 years old, stood 6-foot 2-inches tall and weighed a solid 220 pounds; sure, he could pump more gym iron than most of the men in Canada's ten provinces and had the defined, rock hard muscles to prove it; sure, he played football, boxed, wrestled, and jogged five miles a day. But, dammit, wearing snowshoes and crossing two miles of deep powder is like walking in molasses when you're not used to it! Nelson had seen snow, lots of it, but he was a city boy and more at home on the shovelled sidewalks of Calgary, Vancouver, Toronto, or Montreal than in some fucking mountain canyon in the frozen fucking north.

"What the hell am I doing here, anyway?" he grumbled, starting off again. Then, it all came back to him. The "why" he was freezing his balls. It was the week before when, just after a gut-wrenching workout in the Calgary R.C.M.P. Detachement gym, he was told to report to the Inspector in charge of Special Operations.

Feeling pumped and big as a house, with the blood racing through his warm muscles, Nelson sat quietly as the Inspector summed up the assignment.

"I'm not saying that this Pierre Simard is going to be easy to get. He's 250 pounds of muscle. At 5-foot 10-inches, he's built like a fireplug."

Nelson looked the Inspector in the eye. "I think I can handle him, Sir."

"He's rough and unscrupulous. Use extreme caution. Any man who fucks young men and sucks cocks cannot be trusted." "I'll know how to handle him, Sir. And it ain't with kid gloves."

"Don't forget, though, that you're going to be on his home ground, not yours. He might be in Whitehorse, but you have to be prepared to follow him into the bush if you have to."

"No problem, Sir."

The Inspector opened a folder on his desk. "We've been thinking that, apart from you, exceptional physical strength and stamina, you have something that might flush Simard into the open."

"What's that, Sir?"

"According to your file, Nelson, you have a pecker ten inches long."

Nelson sat bolt upright. "How the fuck would the Force know that?"

"The Force knows everything about you, Nelson, including the size of your cock. Your file also states, and I quote, 'Not only does Corporal Nelson have a ten inch erect penis, but his cumload enough to choke a horse unquote.' The Inspector closed the file and looked at the blond muscle-sett sitting opposite. 'Dammit, Nelson, that's an hell of a pistol you're packing. And that's why we think you're the best . . . er, equipped . . . to handle Simard."

Nelson's eyes narrowed. "Let me get this straight. You're putting me on the case to use my dick as bait for some cock-sucking claim jumper?"

"If Simard knows what you've got shoved down your pant-leg it might just get him into the open."

"Shit, if that don't take the fucking cake . . ."

The Inspector held up his hand and went on, "We've tried every other way. He's too smart. We have a tradition to uphold. We a ways get our man . . . even if it means using that monster between your legs. Do you understand, Corporal?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Good. There's a flight tomorrow morning for Whitehorse. Be on it. Oh, and Nelson . . . We don't expect you to like it, but if it'll help the case, don't be afraid of using that cock."

"Yes, Sir!" snapped Nelson. "And I suppose you put my measurements on billboards all over the Yukon to get Simard's attention, too, Sir."

Without looking up from his desk, the Inspector replied, "We had thought of that, Nelson, but decided that slipping a word here and there would be better. You're dismissed, Corporal."

Back in the cold reality, Nelson grabbed his crotch and

squeezed hard. "First time I ever thought of you as a liability, ol' buddy," he said, rubbing the half-hard cock.

Rubbing his cock was a mistake. It took Nelson's mind off what he was doing. In a split second — Crunch! — the snowshoes crossed and Nelson pitched headfirst into a snowbank. Again.

"Goddamn! Shit! Motherfucking country!" Every oath he could think of poured out of Nelson's mouth in a steady stream as he wallowed around in the snow trying to get back up.

A low, deep chuckle froze Nelson in his tracks.

"Ah, mon ami, you look to me like the fish out of water You do not like the snow?"

Nelson stood to his full 6'2" height and slowly turned. "Pierre Simard?"

"Out, that is me."

Nelson looked closely at the parka-covered figure. All that he could see of Simard's weather-beaten face were dark, fiery eyes under thick black eyebrows, a black Abe Lincoln beard, a broad nose, and a mouth filled with bright white teeth. As for the rest of him, even with all the bulky clothing it was easy to tell that the five foot ten inch Simard was strong and powerful. He didn't get those 250 pounds sitting on his ass, thought Nelson.

Nelson pulled out his revolver and aimed it at Simard. "Please Simard, by the authority vested in me by the Government of Canada, I arrest you."

Simard smiled broadly. "Very nice, Monsieur Mountie, but please put the gun away." Pointing to the snow-covered peaks surrounding them, he shrugged, "One gunshot and — boom! — avalanche. I have no desire to sit under two hundred feet of snow until the spring thaw."

Nelson cursed, but couldn't argue with the logic and replaced the revolver. Shuffling over to Simard with a pair of handcuffs, he ordered, "Put these on."

BAM! Nelson hadn't been expecting Simard's right cross. Back he went into the snowdrift, where he floundered around trying to shake the cobwebs and catch his breath. He barely made it to his feet when a fist blasted a trail to his gut.

"Ahhh," moaned Nelson, doubling over from the pain. He'd taken harder blows before but, now, he was just too tired to offer any resistance. His arms and legs were heavy and sluggish and he couldn't shake off the fatigue. It felt like his feet were stuck in a barrel of concrete.

"Damn fucking snow," he cursed.

CRACK! Simard's clenched fist smashed into the side of Nelson's head. He spun and fell into the snow. For a second, everything went white. White . . . white . . .

Then . . . blackout.

When everything slowly came back into focus, Nelson discovered he was laying face down on a bearskin rug in front of a huge, roaring fireplace. Groaning softly, he rolled onto his back, feeling every vein in his head pound with fresh blood. At least he was warm and out of that damn snow. He groaned again and got to his feet.

He saw he was inside a large, big-beamed log cabin. Animal pelts were stacked along one wall, firewood along another, shelves with supplies along a third, while the stone fireplace took up a good portion of the fourth. There were a few sticks of hand-made furniture scattered around, with a fur-covered bed in the far corner. The ceiling was braced by thick cross-beams, which had animal traps, pelts, cured meat and coiled ropes hanging from them on steel hooks. Light for the cabin came from the fireplace and two flickering kerosene lamps. For a second, Nelson felt like he just stepped back into an 1890's trading post.

"Ah, the Mountie is awake." Simard eased out of a chair, holding Nelson's revolver, and came toward the fireplace. "Good. Good."

Nelson was able to get a good look at Simard for the first time. Though he didn't want to admit it, he was impressed. Simard's chiseled face, with its dark eyes and Abe Lincoln beard, was further enhanced by a black crewcut. The flattened top made him look extra tough. Like, maybe, he ate nails for breakfast.

Simard's 250 muscular pounds were clad in a Wallace Beery undershirt, bluejeans, and doe-skin moccassins. The buttons of the shirt were undone and the bullneck and broad chest stretched the opening wide apart, exposing a thick forest of black chest hair.

Nelson sized up his opponent. "For a guy who sucks cocks, he sure looks like one hell of a man."

His eyes caught the bulge in Simard's crotch and stuck there like magnets. Simard wasn't wearing any shorts and his fat cock and big nuts were outlined clearly through the faded fabric. Nelson couldn't help wondering just how big a cock Simard had and, more importantly, how it compared to his own.

Simard smiled broadly. "No, mon ami, I am curious and cannot wait any longer. I am very curious about this Mountie they send to find me. A Mountie who has a ten inch cock. I must see this sight with my own eyes. You will take off your clothes, mon ami. You will take them off now!"

When Nelson didn't move, Simard raised the revolver and growled. "These logs will not let out any sound of a gunshot, Monsieur. So, I do not have to worry about starting the avalanche. Vous comprenez?"

Once again, Nelson couldn't argue with the logic and started to strip. In moments, he was standing on the bearskin rug wearing only a jockstrap.

Simard whistled softly as he let his eyes wander over Nelson's body. "You are, maybe, one of those bodybuilders?" he asked, visibly impressed.

"I've been in four contests," replied Nelson. He was used to this kind of reaction whenever he stripped. People were always amazed at how much sharp, defined muscle he had packed onto his frame. He looked like a living anatomy chart, with each muscle clearly developed and enlarged. Yet there was perfect symmetry and proportion. Each muscle fit in visually with the surrounding mass so that none of them appeared unbalanced or distorted. The overall superhuman effect was further heightened by a network of tiny veins criss-crossing the muscles like a roadmap under the paper-thin skin, giving a panther-like sleekness and sheen to the body, with the added hint of incredible reserves of strength.

"Turn around, I want to see if your ass is as muscular as the rest of your body," ordered Simard. "It is! Ah, my cock is going to do great things to that ass!"

Nelson suddenly felt his cock twitch and a tingle in his balls. Then his nipples started getting stiff and taut. "What the hell is wrong with me? I'm getting turned on by some guy who says he's going to fuck me!"

Flushing red, Nelson turned to face Simard. "Listen, you stinkin' queer, if you think . . ." The words died in his mouth. Simard was ten feet away, stripped naked, and the only thing he was holding in his hand now was his hard cock.

"Holy shit!" exclaimed Nelson.

"Take off your jock," ordered Simard.

Mesmerized, Nelson did as he was told. In no time, he had a raging hard-on and balls that felt like they were on fire. "Holy shit," he whispered, feasting his eyes on the trapper-stud in front of him. He had never been so turned on and intimidated by another man before in his life!

The two powerful men stood motionless for a long time in the flickering cabin light, while they openly appraised each other's naked physiques. They were both strong and massive but that was as far as the similarities went. Nelson was tall, blond, his body hairless except for a patch at the crotch, and each rippling muscle was distinct and polished — one man's vision of sculpted human perfection. Simard, on the other hand, was stocky, had a carpet of black hair covering his weather-toughened body, and his bulging muscles were piled layer upon layer on his big-boned frame until he had acquired the menacing look of a scaled-down grizzly bear.

Even the men's equipment was a reflection of their bodies. Nelson's ten-inch cut cock, with its thick, tapering shaft, bulging head, and lacework of veins, looked like it had been exercised in the gym with the rest of his body. His plum-sized balls hung heavy in their sac, nestled against his muscled thighs. Simard's eight-inch uncut boner was about the shape of a beercan, stuck straight out like a redwood, and was a mean-looking red. His bear nuts dangled low in their wrinkled pouch, pressing into his hairy crotch like they weighed about five pounds apiece.

Simard smiled happily as he walked up to Nelson. "Oui, I can tell I am going to enjoy this very much." With his forefinger, he traced the lower edge of Nelson's right pectoral, starting from the armpit and following the curve as the muscle bulged out from the ribcage, swept across the broad chest, and then arced up to the breastbone.

He gently squeezed Nelson's hard right nipple between his fingers and looked deep into his blue eyes. "It is going to be a pleasure sucking your Mountie cock."

While Simard had been running his finger on his chest and playing with his nipple Nelson had drifted deeper into a dreamlike haze, intoxicated by Simard's macho sex appeal. He couldn't remember who he was, where he was, or what he was sent for. He only wanted the dark-haired stud in front of him to ease his pain and release him from his ferocious agony.

Simard went down on his knees in front of Nelson and carefully licked his lips in anticipation. Lightly, his mouth enclosed the bloated cockhead. With a slurp, Simard then took Nelson's cock right to the balls! The massive size was no problem as he worked his mouth around the shaft and plunged the giant cockhead down his throat. He pulled and tugged with the inside of his cheeks and rubbed his tongue along the dick's pulsing underside, knowing the action would drive Nelson out of his mind. Using slow, rhythmic motions he slid his mouth back and forth over Nelson's engorged member, determined to milk it for all it was worth.

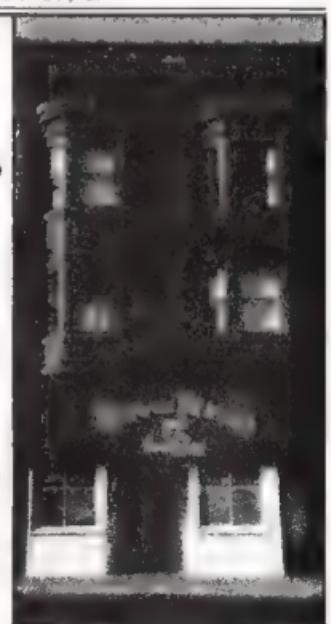
Simard's lips on his hot, aching cock was like plugging Nelson into an electric current. He had never felt anything so intense in his life! He was being zapped by hundreds of mind-fuck sensations until his whole body began shaking and he had one hell of a time standing. His heart was pounding violently and the blood was rushing in his ears like a subway train through a station.

Nerve endings in every part of his body were short-circuiting. His muscles were becoming engorged and straitened through his own sexual calisthenics! It was as if he'd just spent four hours in the gym pumping up and now every muscle was screaming for relief from the overdose of oxygen-enriched blood.

Nelson felt bigger than a mountain! He felt like a Mr. Canada! Like a Mr. World! Hell, no — like a Mr. Fucking Universe! He ran his hands down over his bulging, sweaty pecs and mashed the brown nipples tight between his fingers, arching his spine back at the resulting pain. His hands went lower and pressed against the slick abdominals, searching out each deep gully and hard peak.

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Delirious, Nelson snapped erect, swung his arms up and BOOM! hit a double biceps pose. Sweat poured down his expanded chest and his round biceps glistened like dew-covered melons. He held the pose a few seconds until a surge in his loins forced him to break it. His bloated balls were on fire, it wouldn't be long now. He figured he had time for one more pose.

Bringing his hands down behind Simard's bobbing head and contracting everything possible BOOM! — Nelson crabbed into a most-muscular pose. Just then ...

"Ahhhhhhhhh!" Nelson's balls exploded into a thousand pieces and his cock erupted like a volcano, spewing great rivers of hot cum into Simard's eager mouth. The flow seemed never-ending and burned the entire length of Nelson's shaft, forcing him to hunch over and grab Simard's shoulders for relief.

Spent, Nelson crumpled onto the bearskin rug. He was drenched with sweat and couldn't seem to get enough air into his heaving lungs.

Mouth brimming over with cum, Simard sat back on his ankles to swallow the hot, sticky rewards of his labor. For a second there he had been worried that he wouldn't be able to take all of Nelson's spunk. It came so thick and fast but, just as he started to gag and dribble it onto his chest, the flow stopped.

Taking a deep swallow to clear his throat, Simard savored the salty taste of Nelson's cum. "It is good you are a Mountie, mon ami, because I think you are part horse."

It might have been Simard's throaty chuckle or maybe it was Simard's hand running lightly up his thigh, but something suddenly clicked in Nelson's head. "What the fuck have I done?" he snapped.

"Your cock burst like it was Old Faithful, Kaboom! What a load! But, now, you blow me. Eh, mon ami?"

"No fucking way!" snarled Nelson. Exploding like a coiled spring, his right fist slammed in Simard's gut and then his left connected with Simard's jaw.

Stunned, Simard fell backwards onto his ass, arms flailing and shouting a stream of oaths. Before he could get up Nelson jumped to his feet and clamped a headlock on him.

"You fucking bastard!" grunted Simard. "I give you the best blowjob of your life and this is how you repay me!"

"If you think I'm going to suck your fucking dick, Simard, you got another thing coming!"

"You will!" roared Simard. Grabbing Nelson's wrists, Simard tensed his body and, using sheer brute force, slowly pulled Nelson's arms from his neck.

The men stood chest to chest, arms pressed against arms, pushing each other in a mammoth test of animal strength. Muscles strained, veins popped up all over their bodies, and sweat poured off in rivers. They stayed like that for what seemed hours, neither strong enough to move the other or gain the advantage.

"Give up, you cockslucking bastard," groaned Nelson. Simard gave a little smile and then spat into Nelson's face. In the split second Nelson flinched, Simard wrapped his arms around him in a bone-crushing bearhug.

Nelson's face was a contorted mask of pain as he struggled to keep his ribcage intact and some air in his lungs. He had his hands pressing against Simard's shoulders but they did piss-all to break the hold.

Simard caught Nelson's eye. "I think I like you," he said. Nelson replied by giving a Karate chop to the side of Simard's neck.

Simard laughed. "And I think you like me, too!"

"The hell I do!" gasped Nelson.

"Is that why you're sticking your hard horse-dick in my gut?" grinned Simard. "Admit it. You liked it. And admit you want to suck my cock."

"Fuck you!" groaned Nelson. Using his remaining strength he slammed three driving Karate chops to Simard's neck.

Simard dropped Nelson like a sack of coal and roared in pain as he stumbled back against the table. Nelson took a step forward and drove his right fist into Simard's belly. Simard grunted and dropped to his knees.

"If you think I'm going to suck your cock ..." But Nelson didn't get a chance to finish. Simard's hand shot up and grabbed Nelson's dangling sac.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!" Nelson's gut-wrenching scream filled the cabin. His hands went down to his nuts but Simard's hand was like a vise and he couldn't move it. "Mon ami, you are going to suck my cock!" gasped Simard, taking great deep breaths while he still had the advantage.

"Fuck you," panted Nelson.

Simard gave a hard twist and Nelson crashed to his knees. Another twist and Nelson was writhing on his back in agony.

Hand firmly grasping Nelson's sac, Simard straddled Nelson's chest and waved his cum-dripping cock in Nelson's face. "You are going to take my cock. You are going to take it all the way to my nuts! Open your mouth and take it! Take it!" ordered Simard.

Tears of pain clouding his eyes, Nelson lifted his head and hesitantly opened his mouth. Simard quickly stuck his dick into the waiting cave and began pumping.

Nelson had never sucked a guy's cock before but when it clicked that the better he sucked the less pain Simard inflicted on his nuts, it wasn't long before he had a fairly smooth rhythm going. At first he was surprised that he was able to take Simard's big beercan cock at all but, the more involved he got, the more excited he became and the easier it went.

The shaft was red-hot in Nelson's mouth. There must have been gallons of blood surging through it, heating it like a steam radiator. It was hard as steel, too, and Nelson got the feeling that if he ever got stupid enough to try to bit it that there would be more damage to his teeth than to Simard's pecker. It was like Simard was using a log to fuck Nelson's face. Just bam, bam, bam as it went in and out, veins sticking up all over its surface, stretching Nelson's mouth and lips all out of shape as it charged down Nelson's throat to his gut.

Simard's huge cock tasted of sweat and piss while the dribbling pre-cum added a pungent, salty sting. It was a real man's taste. It was leather and barbell iron and sweaty jockstraps — all the things that turned Nelson on all rolled into one. The more of it Nelson tasted, the more of it he wanted. And the stink! Shit, Simard's reeking crotch made Nelson dizzy with each breath. It was worse than a locker room full of football players after a hard game. It was worse than a row of latrines on a hot, humid day. But, damn, it sure smelled good!

"That's it, mon ami! Suck my cock! Suck it dry! Suck it,



squeeze it, lick it, pump it! Oh, shit, I'm coming! I'm coming already! I'm coming! Ahhhhhhhh!"

Three huge spurts of cum blasted from Simard's cock, filling Nelson's throat and running in big gobs out the sides of his mouth. Like a starving baby Nelson noisily downed the jelly and kept pumping for more. Long after the last gism had been squeezed out and Simard's cock was soft and spongy in his mouth did Nelson keep sucking. It felt good to have a real man's cock in his mouth and he hated the idea of letting go.

Simard let out a deep sigh, released Nelson's sac, and rolled onto his back beside the blond muscle-stud. The two men were quiet for a long time, content to listen to the crackling logs in the fireplace while they caught their breath.

Finally, barely loud enough to be heard, Nelson said, "You were right, I did like it."

"You see? Only a man can give another man what he really needs."

There was another long pause before Nelson could finally say, "Good. Because right now my cock hurts like hell. The only way to help it is to fuck someone."

Simard stiffened. "You want to fuck me? I am a brave man, monsieur, but I am not stupid. You are not human, you have the cock of a draft-horse."

Nelson rolled on his side and fixed his gaze on Simard. "Get me some grease for my dick or I'll dump you outside until your balls break off from the cold."

Something in the tone of Nelson's voice made Simard nervous. Somehow, fighting back or arguing didn't seem like a good idea. After taking a long, tortured look at Nelson's erect cock, he went to the supplies shelf and got a can of Crisco. "You will go easy, mon ami?" he asked.

"Bend over that table," ordered Nelson, "and shut your mouth."

Simard did as he was told. He spread his legs wide in the hope of making things easier, and flattened his belly against the rough wood as he leaned over to grab the far edge with both hands. "Hurry, mon ami. Fuck me while I'm still scared. If I start to think about what is going to happen I might change my mind. No, that is a lie. How can I lie? I want your cock! I want all ten inches up my ass! Hurry!"

"Shut up!" yelled Nelson, slapping the cold grease on his aching dick. His cock was a big, throbbing, angry red pillar of flesh and he had to get some relief soon or he was going to go out of his mind.

He quickly greased Simard's hole, positioned his cock at the opening, and then grabbed Simard at the waist. He took things slow at first. Rotating his hips nice and easy, he worked the knob of his cock into Simard's ass, letting the bunghole grow to accommodate his monster size. A little more pressure and an inch of the shaft slipped into the warmth.

Simard gritted his teeth and grimaced with pain. "Mon-sieur," he gasped, "you are going too fast!"

"The hell I am!" grunted Nelson.

"I say you are going too fast!"

"Too fast? This ain't fast. You don't know what fast is! Shit, I'm going to fuck you raw!"

"No . . . No . . . No . . . Ahhhhhhhh!" Simard bellowed in raging pain as nine of Nelson's ten inches scorched past the sphincter into his ass. A second thrust buried Nelson's cock to the hilt and banged his juice-bloated balls roughly against Simard's dangling sac.

Grinding his cock around in Simard's bunghole, Nelson slapped Simard hard across the side of the ass and laughed. "I guess there's more than one way for a Mountie to get his man, eh, Pierre?"

Simard could only groan and hang on. It felt like somebody had shoved a 2-by-4 up his ass. The hard way. He tried screaming to relieve the pressure but his throat went dry and all he could do was grunt.

"How about that!" shouted Nelson, as he started bucking his human bronco. "Ride 'em, cowboy!" He slammed his knobhead into the upper reaches of Simard's guts again and again and again. With each thrust the pressure doubled, until Nelson was soon thrashing about like a trapped shark. His balls were bustin' with hot, churning gism fighting for a chance to rocket out and cream Simard's internal organs.

He pumped a few more seconds then stood stock-still with his eyes wide open and every muscle tensed. His body gave a massive shudder and he suddenly began thrusting like a madman.

"Holy shit!" screamed Nelson, stabbing deep and firing his heavy gobs far into Simard's gut. The pain in his cock was intense. The skin over his pole was stretched tight with every thrust and a blowtorch seared its length with a red-hot flame. He thrashed for a long while, squeezing every drop of cum from his cock and balls that he could. Then, finished, he thrust one more time for good luck and left his cock buried in the hole before collapsing forward onto Simard's broad, hairy-black back.

The men stayed stuck together for a long time. It was easier just to remain propped over the table than try and find the energy to get down onto the floor. The only sound was that of the men's heavy breathing, the crackling logs in the fireplace, and a wind howling past the cabin.

Feeling Nelson's shrinking cock slip out of his cum-slick asshole, Simard figured the time had come for a little action of his own. He squirmed under Nelson's inert weight until he was able to wriggle out and stand up. Nelson stayed face down on the table, legs spread and ass sticking up in the air.

"What the fuck have I been missing all these years?" mumbled the cop. Then he gave a lit a laugh and said sleepily, "Hey, I almost forgot. I'm supposed to be taking you in. Hell, I wonder what the Inspector would say if he saw me like this?"

Simard ran his hands appreciatively over Nelson's smooth butt and sneered. "Fuck the Inspector. He'd probably say you have a hell of an ass."

Nelson thought for a minute, then snorted, "Yeh, he probably would say that."

"Here, mon ami. Turn over," whispered Simard. "That's right. Now, I'm just going to slip this on here . . . and this here . . ."

"What is all this? What the hell do you think you're doing?" asked Nelson, groggily looking at his wrists and ankles. By the time he realized what the straps and broad pieces of leather were for, it was too late. "What the fuck . . ."

Using a pulley system rigged to the ceiling beams, Simard hoisted Nelson up until he was swinging waist-high. Nelson strained against the leather bonds with all his might but there

(Continued on page 79)

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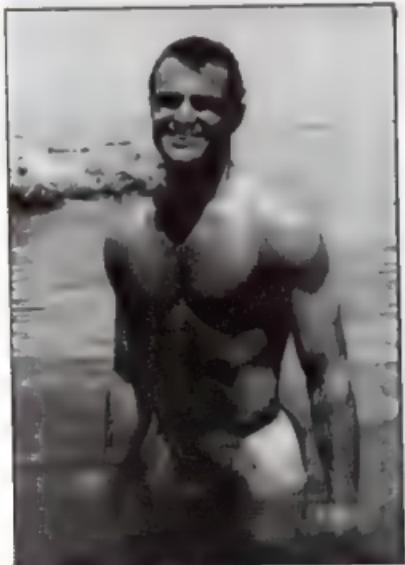
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DRUMSTICKS



"Look, Ma, it floats!"



"I just thought I'd call and tell you about all the things your love has given me."

LOS ANGELES, M, Leo, 42, 6'1", 173 lbs, Gemini, 6" cut, well built, into the smell and taste of leather, desires to be controlled by a dominant Master I am a novice with a lot to learn, Box 67.

CUT OR SHAVED?

Hot and cold, 7' tall, hairy, scratches, excessive foreskin, private tattoos, heavy dildo action, piss-filled rubbers, WS, and exhibitionists. Correspond with anyone, get together in the Bay Area. Photo exchanged with collectors of similar interests. Am 6', 150 lbs, not yet shaved. Box 292

SANTA MONICA, W/m, 50, seeking someone into recycled bear, give and take. Box 286

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 26, 5'11", 150 lbs, white, 8", black hair, blue eyes, mustache, goodlooking, non-smoker/drinker, knowledgeable. I am a full time biker/leather man who needs a goodlooking experienced, masculine leather topman, under 45, to fulfill my desires to learn, serve, respect and dominate. Give me a place with his position. A real man who knows what he wants and how to take it. No heavy S&M, fats, or fems. Photo please. Sir. Ca. Box 85113, L.A., CA 90026

OAKLAND, S, Libra, 40, 5'10", 175 lbs, white, 7", knowledgeable, experienced, discreet, masculine, goodlooking dude, well-equipped with toys, seeks atm, submissive partner to 20. Should be clean-shaven, clean-cut. Box 52G

LOS ANGELES, SM, 40, 6', 180 lbs, 8" uncut, experienced. Master or slave with cabin in the mountains for outdoor scenes. Have had excellent training in both roles. Am gentle but firm, respect limits. Not into excessive pain or force. Prefer the experienced. Box 318V2

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 41, 7', 5'10", Previous experience as an S, but leaning toward M role. Prefers a dominant who respects limits. Seek under 40, 5'10" and taller, hung over 8", dressed in full leather. Box 136H

LOS ANGELES, S, Libra, 40, 5'10", 155 lbs, white, 8", knowledgeable, attractive, imaginative stud is good top man for obedient, uninhibited partner. No heavy drags, drunks, fems, fats. Love sex, Box 133.

ORAL SLAVE
Fremont, 38, 6'3", Black, 190 lbs, 7" uncut, gives total oral service, appreciates WS, dirty talk, name-calling, humiliation, verbal abuse, asshole licking. Looking for white, Latin or Asian into having a tall slave. Should be 18-45, masculine, leatherhairy, Box 491F.

VENTURA, SM, 45, 5'2", 225 lbs, German, 7", seeks well-built men over 36, over 8" tall, in levis on leather, dominant or passive. Am versatile and willing to learn. Box 170.

WOODLAND HILLS, M, Pisces, 40, 5'10", white, 165 lbs, 8", enjoys cock and ball action, catheters, enemas, serious sex by controlling Master, 3-ways. Box 132M.

LOS ANGELES, M, Virgo, 49, 5'10", 145 lbs, white, 6", knowledgeable, imaginative and obedient. Box 182

SM, 35, 5'8", 165 lbs, semi-muscular, 6% cut, looking for masculine, aggressive men, 25-45, 5'8" or taller, under 200 lbs. Looking for men into trying new things. Box 256.

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 42, 6'1", 165 lbs, white, 8", hairy, well, willing and eager to learn, dominate and submit, to suffer or cause suffering within limits with reliable partner to 45. No mutilation, physical handi capped. Box 208

APL/SF, SM, 35, 5'8", 165 lbs, semi-muscular, short hair, return to the States in April '90. Looking for aggressive, masculine, 25-45, with willingness to try new things. No fats, fms. Box 256

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 41, 5'8", 150 lbs, white, 8", hairy, cut, semi-muscular, athletic, hairy, cut, round ass, solid pack, FF, WS, tithwork, whipping, into either role, can give and take. No fats, scat, heavy drug, filth or permanent damage. Box 312

LA. FILTH

Tough, hard, beer-drinking, cigar-smoking, foul mouthed dirt dude with rank empsits, simney asshole and a cruddy uncut cock wears greasy, rotten, stinkin' stinks socks, t-shirts, levis and leather. Digs spitting, passing, shitting, puking, vomiting, and farting. Gots off with chains, ties, belts, mud, tools, rubbers and oil. Box 294VB

SAN FRANCISCO, Cancer, 36, 5'10", 130 lbs, white, bearded bottom for him. Black or brown or mustache a must. No anal or rectal restrictions. Horst (415) 621-7600, 10 am to midnight. Answering machine other times. Write Box 101SE

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, Eurasian, 41, 5'8", 150 lbs, 8", muscular, into many things and sex action, FF, WS, etc. Various insecurities, seeks atm, studly career, 30-46, who dig getting as much as giving. No permanent damage. Box 312

HAYWARD, S, muscular, 28, 5'11", 160 lbs, 8% cut, looking for together, well built guys with a desire to please, masculine appearance, under 35 into all scenes with responsive partners. Box 402

HAYWARD, S, 26, 5'11", 160 lbs, 8% cut, muscular, goodlooking, looking for attractive, well built guys with a desire to please, masculine, good looking stud who is sincere and has a desire to please. Prefer cut, under 38, no beards, or red heads, or hairy bodies. Box 227S

FLORIDA

EXPERIENCED MASTERS
Broward, slave willing to serve you, into WS, BB, mild S&M. No FF or scat. Please write. Sir. Box 651.

M, 5'10", 155 lbs, 50, 8" cut, tight and hairy, 25-35, 8", hairy, muscular, macho, funky, rugged man, under 200 lbs., into levis, leather, gun forms, funky sex, w/s, sweat, being pleased by a man who can please. No skinnies or pretty boys. Box 59

MIAMI UNIFORM STUDS

SM, Taurus, 25, 6' 165 lbs, white, 8", masculine, muscular stud seeks boot and uniform buddies into police and military scenes. Only butch studs with boot or uniform fatish need apply. Rest motorcycle cops and military men a plus. Discretion assumed. Uniformed photo with phone number Box 201FLW

LAKE WORTH, SM, Pisces, 36, 6'1", 175 lbs, white, 8", old hand, can endure much in either role and wants no-nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. Into heavy S&M, negative sex. No fms, amazteurs. Box 1251

HIALEAH, SM, Pisces, 32, 5'8", 165 lbs, white, 8", knowledgeable, experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well-built, over 25, not in Miami or Ft. Lauderdale. No fms, fats, long hairs. Box 9

CONNECTICUT

BELTEES RESPOND

To this experienced beltman, if you crave the belt and can really take it, apply to Master Pud, Box 534, Am 30s, 5'8", blond, smooth body and face.

PUTNAM, MS, Libra, 29, 5'8", 135 White, inexperienced Clean and experimental, seeking introduction to leathersex/bondage from sensible, discreet partner to 40. Box 101CT

MYSTIC, S, Aries, 50s, 5'10", 175 lbs, white, 8", hairy, hairy, cut, top man will treat unhibited, honest partner to 50. No drugs, phonies, dullards, fats, fms. Box 329

Those who want a dominant and experienced leather Master, send me your application. This is for friends of the leather/same sex. 58+ scene. Leather toys, bondage and other interesting items will be used on acceptable applicants. Box 51E

S, 30, 5'11", 180 lbs, husky, hairy, 8% cut, masculine, firm; seeks clean cut, 18-35, white, slim or muscular, into bondage and discipline, fats, hairy, willing to serve and obey. Box 257

DIST. OF COLUMBIA

HORSE X

After we bucked and jerked off the horses huge cock, the Mounty and I fucked beneath his horse in a hot shower of piss and cum. Box 944

WASHINGTON, SM, Sep., 33, 5'7", 150 lbs, white, 10', knowledgeable, very interested in a variety of sexual experiences and willing to try them with a dominant, uninhibited partners, 45-50. No fms, fats, long hair or body odor. Box 84D

WASHINGTON, S, Capricorn, 59, 5'8", 165 lbs, white, hairy, knowledgeable, open-minded willing to please. Box 360

WANT THIRSTY HUNKY MEN

For heavy WS, sweaty muscle licking, enemas, exhibitionism, mirrors, etc, with this goodlooking harscrist, 40-55, 6'2", 180 lbs, bony and hairy. Studs can answer me down and use me at both ends. Submissives will stay down, drink, and worship. Miami, Box 47

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA, S, 38, 5'10", 140 lbs, crewcut, construction worker, into leather, fats, hairy, scat, cigars, cigarettes, and hairy scenes. Am masculine and hunkymen. Scat from masculine, cock hairy, piss thirsty dudes. Limited travel or Submit qualifications and photo to Box 315

HAIRY MACHO MEN
If you're into hairy hot, sweaty sex and are hairy, rugged, rough masters; write me and tell me what you would do to me. This good slave can travel and can receive. Also specializing in WS, S&M, B&D,rimming, FF and G with Mr. Right, box 89

FT. LAUDERDALE, S, 43, 5'7", 160 lbs, 7" cut, big balls and big hands looking for FF wide-recivers for three-ways who would be slave. No scat or hairy pain trips. Demand but considerate. Box 258

FT. LAUDERDALE AREA This 41, 6'2", 180 lbs, 8", handsome, versatile, strong muscular build seeks other hunkies. Some days for anal and/or bottom action including Gr. Fr. FF, WS, dildos, and other adventures. Sling room Box 288

NOVICE CHALLENGES 5 ONLY
27, bodybuilder, 5'10", 165 lbs, 70%, wants look good with dome, same things. Hair, racism, and need challenge from another 5 that thinks he's King Shit. Spanish, wrestle, slap, verbal, piss, until one lean stallion defeats and rides. Think you're the stallion? Prove it or lay for a real stallion in his leather P.I., Box 11624, Coral Ridge, Ft. Lauderdale, FL, 33306

MOVING TO FLORIDA
Leather Master wanted in Delray Beach area. Italian, 37, slave, hairy body, daily training and disciplines with complete submissio, catch and release, 18-35, white, hairy, 100% weight, piss, eating ass and knowing who's boss, call, eating out of bowl at Master's feet, get off on smells and deep, deep throat on cocksocking. I mean all the way down, Sir. Box 533

Italian bottom man, 40, 180 lbs, 5'11", wishes contact with sex dominating Black/white topman into exploring fantasies, willing submissio, titwork, dildos, WS, licking. Experienced only light/mild/mixed desires, expand limits with macho master, heavy bind, hard, animal, 18-35, white, weight, piss, eating ass and knowing who's boss, call, eating out of bowl at Master's feet, get off on smells and deep, deep throat on cocksocking. I mean all the way down, Sir. Box 533

COCOA BEACH, S, Capricorn, 59, 5'8", 165 lbs, white, hairy, knowledgeable, open-minded willing to please. Box 360

WANT THIRSTY HUNKY MEN
For heavy WS, sweaty muscle licking, enemas, exhibitionism, mirrors, etc, with this goodlooking harscrist, 40-55, 6'2", 180 lbs, bony and hairy. Studs can answer me down and use me at both ends. Submissives will stay down, drink, and worship. Miami, Box 47

GEORGIA
COUPLE, Muscular bisexual female and beautiful bisexual female into nylon and spike heel worship with muscular bisexual males or female slaves. If the smell and taste of wall-worn nylon hose on a beautiful female foot turns you on, answer this ad. Body photo a must for reply. Will exchange personal items with those who turn us on. Box 483.

Hot to learn sensual S&M. W/m, 29, 5'11", 155 lbs., wants clean, good-looking experienced master. FF and writing. H. Robertson, 90 Peachtree Pl., Warner Robins, GA 31093

HAWAII

HONOLULU, SM, 42, 6'4", slender, hairy, 6" cut, by belt. Willing to experience bottom. Very masculine, expect same. 18-35, white, hung, clean. No fags, freaks, scat. Box 24

IDAHO

TRAVELING DOMINANT 5, 36, 5'11", 200 lbs, husky, 7-cut, looking for willing bottoms or intelligent tops can switch, for trust worthy master into toys, groups, bondage, sm, away horny pain, No fags, fems, WS, drags or hairy pain in interested in possible vacation/s, but diles. Box 100

ILLINOIS

CRYSTAL LAKE, Sagittarius, 30, 198 lbs., 5'10", 1/2 Oriental, 1/2 Caucasian. Seeks companionship and friendship. I'm inexperienced but willing to learn. A masculine strength really turns me on. No fags or fems, Box 341

ALTON, S, Capricorn, 36, 6', 170 lbs., white, knowledgeable, versatile, muscular, hunky stud seeks partner to 35. Should be clean-cut, no fags, Box 1565

CHICAGO MASTER Out-of-stater comes to Chicago occasionally looking for men, 18+ years over 18 into bondage, discipline, domination, w/ or w/o S&M. Am 8'2", 6'5", uncut, respect limits, imaginative, dominant, experienced. Replies should include phone number for gathering together when I am in Chicago and available to work you over. Box 308B

CHICAGO AREA MASTER, w/m, 6', 195 lbs., seeks total slave for complete ownership! Be prepared for total domination and rigid training. Will be shaved and eventually branded. Must be BB, no corporal punishment. Not into game playing fags, men over 35. If you seek a real master, not just a sex partner, write (with picture) to: Fred, Box 93, Forest Park, IL 60130.

CHICAGO, Sagittarius, 29, 5'8", 170 lbs., Black, 7" cut, seeks rough stud to break me in and ride me hard. Must be super hung, thick, 18-35, into flogging, rimming, tight, dilodes, enemas, anal, jockstrap, shaving, fags. Fem, fags, must be muscular with no hangups. Strict unimportant. Serious inquiries only. Box 549

WOODDALE, S, Gemini, 38, 6', 155 lbs., 7" cut, looking for a young stud, 21-31, bodybuilder type Master who can be bente and is able to totally dominate. Must be masculine, clean, straight appearing. Box 526

CHICAGO, M, 8'3", 175 lbs., 23, 8'5", BB, semi-muscular, goodlooking, brown hair/eyes, seeks muscular, short haired, white Masters over 6', over 8" in leather, leathers, can serve the master who knows how to demand service and obedience. Should be butch, have strong sex drive and exercise authority. Box 3098

WANTED SLAVE No week-ends or overnights. For life of obedience and servitude. Age unimportant. Into all scenes except scat. Box 666F

PERMANENT TOTAL SALVE WANTED

Chicago. Must be young, dedicated, trim, smooth body, masculine, disciplined. Will serve two hot, experienced masters, ages 26 and 20, into heavy S&M, B&D, WS, suspension, shaving, public display, flogging, training, etc. Will be shaved, flogged, corporal, but must return to call after house duties. We have 1000 sq feet of training quarters, complete w/ cal, tub, rocks, restraints, toys, slings, suspension chamber, etc. No fags, fems, balds or novices. Serious inquiries only. Box 1435 W. Wellman, Chicago, IL 60657

CHICAGO, Scorpio, 32, 5'10", 140 lbs., 7"1/2" uncut, white, completely inexperienced. Willing to try anything with the right master. Has experience to analyze. Likes beer drinker heavily into w/s who wants a man-to-man relationship with warm, affectionate partner. Should be well built with body hair. Box 160.

CHICAGO, Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular, 5'10", 170 lbs., and known 7" cut. Handsome body builder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fags. Box 181P

W/m, 29, seeks guys into B&D, humiliation in underwear or long Johns. Jay H., 460 Briar, No. 8K, Chicago, IL 60687

CHICAGO, M, Aries, 29, 5'10", 175 lbs, white, 7" knowledge, enthusiastic and willing to try almost anything with level-headed partner in good physical condition. No fags, fags. Box 186Z

BODYBUILDER 5, versatile, hairy Cupidonic into various scenes. Wants loving slave for admiration and sexual fulfillment. Rewards for good service. Am 8', 180 lbs., located in the St. Louis area (Alton, IL). Box 1594

BORN TO SERVE Need to worship big, masculine body, know how to do it w/ experience and submission. Am attractive, 23, 5'8", 170 lbs., 7" cut, shaved, BB. Prefer seniors in their 30's, at least 8', well-endowed, muscular, ruggedly goodlooking, hairy, checked if possible. While I am always extremely willing, he should respect limits, and not regard a show of respectiveness as a sign of weakness. Box 68.

EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 46, 5'11", 175 lbs, white, 6', knowledgable, turned on by high, heavy boots, enemas, anal, jockstrap, shaving, fags. Fem, fags, must be muscular with no hangups. Strict unimportant. No fags. Fem, hard drugs. Box 1725

EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 48, 5'11", 170 lbs, white, 6', knowledgable, turned on by high, heavy boots, enemas, anal, jockstrap, shaving, fags. Fem, fags, must be muscular with no hangups. Strict unimportant. No fags. Fem, hard drugs. Box 2423 Ridgeway Ave., Evanston, IL 60201.

SPRINGFIELD, S, 54, 5'8", 160 lbs, looking for slave, 21-50, white, 7" cut, 20, 5'6", 135 lbs, white, 9". Group scenes. Clean, discreet, masculine, jocks. What's your scene? 101LAR

HARVEY, SM, Leo, 42, 6', 215 lbs, white, 7", novice. Firm but gentle, understanding of partner's likes/dishes. Seeks similar into role-switching. No fags, drunks, Box 1302.

like to jog, swim, and bike, 18-25 and under 6'. Will help relocate. Send photo with letter. Box 314

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS, S, Libra, 35, 6'150, white, 7", oil hand. Very obedient, but needs complete master, training, into B&D, bondage, humiliation with mature, dependable true slave to 45. No fags, beginners or those unable to follow complete domination. Box 132Z

INDIANAPOLIS, S, 46, 6'3", 196 lbs, 6" uncum, seeks willing, obedient, submissive slave, masculine, slender, under 35, preferably uncum 1800. Am understanding but forceful. Box 1800

INDIANAPOLIS, M, 24, 6', 180 lbs, 6" cut, into B&D, heavy S&M. Will try anything at least once, but basic interest is in bondage and pain. Turns on to Blacks, hairy men, 21-40, no fags. Box 73.

IOWA

EASTERN IOWA 35, white, 5'8", 155 lbs, hairy, seeks hot times and long sessions with masculine types. Leather, leather, boots, jocks, mirrors a turn on. Box 481.

KANSAS

HARLEY SCOOTER TRAMP Topman wanted, white or Oriental, for four week USA ride this summer. Gas provided by white, goodlooking, longhaired biker, topman who rides. Glide. Prefer uncut, free-wheeling top, secure in who he is, able to handle himself out there, able to show me how. All that ain't too much, it's just a start. Box 445, Parsons, KS 67357

KANSAS CITY, S, 34, 5'8", 165 lbs, non-bur, masculine, booted, in leathers, requires equally masculine, permanent dungeon slave with receptive mind and body. Prefer experienced leather loving biker, licking F and WS respects. Total dedication to partner, no sex, no drugs, no alcohol, no contacts prohibited, persons, property forbidden. For a life of chained submission, submit photo and detailed letter. Box 488

KENTUCKY

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE Lexington, S, 38, 5'11", 175 lbs., experienced in all scenes. All limits considered. Must have firm body and have your head on it. If you are ready, write now. Box 986, Lexington, KY 40568

LOUISIANA

DILDO FREAK W/m, bottom, wants topman experienced with dilodes willing to expand limits. Groups welcome. Box 487

Wanted by w/m, 33 subjects for discipline and direction into S&M, WS, bondage, domination, limits. Direct or by mail. Box 50964, New Orleans, LA 70150

LAFAYETTE, couple, Aries, 28, 5'10", 170 lbs, white, 7" novice. Firm but gentle, understanding of partner's likes/dishes. Seeks similar into role-switching. No fags, drunks, Box 1302.

HARVEY, SM, Leo, 42, 6', 215 lbs, white, 7", novice. Firm but gentle, understanding of partner's likes/dishes. Seeks similar into role-switching. No fags, drunks, Box 1302.

MONROE, 33, white, 6', 175 lbs. seeks w/m, 25-40, Am primarily M into father/son type discipline with bondage. Will assume S role for proper M. Box 332.

MARYLAND

WASHINGTON, M, 28, 5'10", 155 lbs, attractive, lean, muscular. Seek similar S, Fr., Gr., B&D, whips, whatever your pleasure. Photo please. Box 527

WEEKEND SLAVE

Couple, S, 32, 180 lbs, 6'11" and M, 32, 150 lbs, 6' cut need services of a weekend slave into w/s, lbs, B&D, WS. Applications accepted, photos a must. Box 147.

BALTIMORE AREA, M, novice, 5', 118 lbs, 6" cut, seeks masters, understanding, experienced, and knowledgeable master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing, obedient, and eager to learn. Some US travel. Box 120.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON, M, white, 25, 5'11", 150 lbs, seeks S into bondage, toys, S&M, w/s, whips, sex fucking. No scat, FF, shaving. Heavy into bondage. Box 102 MAN

YOU DIG BLACK LEATHER? You turn on to the wild and crazy sounds, smells and hot fucking sex that leather, skin and vinyl can give. Can get you hot and horny. You want books and the brutal, rough men who wear them? BH from NY does, as do many, many others. I'll lead you into uncontrollable uninhibited leather scenes. Ray, 154 Second St., 106 Framington, MA 01701

Boston/New York, dark, bearded hairy black boys, 6'3", 195 lbs, can play both sides: sexk butch, hairy animals into rough garments, leather, boots, spiky, hand cuffs, S&M humiliation, sex in bed, heaven afterwards. Box 503

Finally, a complete leather shop in Boston, opening soon. For information, write: Mora Enterprises, Box 4728, Back Bay Annex, Boston, MA 02117.

BOSTON, S, Aries, 42, 5'10", 150 lbs, white, 6", knowledgeable. Seeks partner over 18 for strict discipline and prolonged bondage. S&M or sex or anything else. Must submit to public shaving and being owned by WASPs, welcomed, discretion assured, long-term relationship possible. Box 253

BOSTON, 2, guys, 30s, S 5'9", 150 lbs, into leather, rubber, w/s, or M 6'8", 165 lbs, into rubber infantilism, w/s, and serving beer drinkers. Both masculine, virile, slim and like threessomes with other S who enjoys a gung w/s and receiving, bed, Box 101MAR

CAPE COD, Jeep freak into amazeballs, long necks and catipussies. Like mile runs on sandy beaches, hot sun, cool surf. Golden Eagle, RFD 1, Box 87, E. Wareham, MA 02538

BOSTON, M, inexperienced, 6'10", 165 lbs, will make up in obedience, what I lack in experience. Can follow orders and would like to meet someone who has teaching ability, stays in firm control. No fags, especially no fags, Box 192.

MICHIGAN

Detroit area, M, 28, 5'10", 185 lbs, white, willing to serve the right totally. Box 261

WILKES BARRE, S. Cancer, 41, 6', 170 lbs, white, 12". Experienced military disciplinarian and stockade. Will train military experience, seeks prisoners, from beginner to experienced for penal discipline. Scene is of primary importance. Steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise used. Will train beginners. No fags, fags, Box 55.

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN, All dudes interested in animal fantasy, leather, leather riding, spanking. WS, phone (609) 722-3631. Will be visiting Miami and NYC in August. Am 5'11", light brown, 148 lbs, all man.

TENNESSEE

NASHVILLE, S, 39, 6', 150 lbs, 8" uncut, masculine stud looking for well-built, masculine dude who isn't into games, or limitations into man-to-man action. No bull shitters, drunks, drugs or fat. Box 61.

TEXAS

DALLAS, student, 23, 5'10", 150 lbs, 8" cut, attractive stud across. No feet, only 30" or seat. Photo. Scott, Box 437, Dallas Station, Irving, TX, 75061

HOUSTON, w/m, 32, 150 lbs, 8" uncut, big balls, seeks master for tilt, CB torture, piss and kinky scenes. Travel Box 486

MACABRE
Sadist seeks masochist without limits. Box 539.

Experienced Master considering no vec slaves for training, ages 22-35, good build, no fags or fets. Current lifestyle continues through most of training. Understand need for discretion. Limits respected while expanding horizons. While keeping write application with qualifications, include recent photos. Write, especially if you're a stud. Box 33877, San Antonio, TX 78233.

YOU SET THE LIMITS

I HAVE NONE

Bassett area, S, 29, 5'5", 120 lbs, white, well defined body, dark hair, moustache, B&D, WS, FF, S&M seeks muscular or slender bottom. Must be submissive. Send photo, photo detailing what you need. You can travel if you want it bad enough. Box 525.

FT WORTH, SM, 47, 8'2", 190 lbs, 7" uncut, German Aquarius is looking for either slave or Master. Either should be knowledgeable, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots. Not into FF, scat, w/s. Box 0590

DALLAS, Leo and Aquarius, both 8X", completely inexperienced, prefers someone to explore our unknown fantasies. Prefer hot, horny, masculine, outdoor type, no heavy action; new to this but willing to try anything once. Rec no problem. No scat, dope. Want to hear from all you hot men. Photo appreciated. Box 268.

RETIRED TEXAN

Free to travel USA. Interests include, but not limited to, leather and rubber clothing and footwear and related items. MC police uniforms, breeches and boots. Interested in correspondence with and possibly meet other individuals with similar interests regardless of geographical location of current residence. Box 401.

COWBOY MASTER
23, 6'1", 180 lbs, wants submissive slave (18-30) into heavy bondage, boot worship, WS and S&M taken to the limit. Photo and letter guarantees answer Box 511.

FORT WORTH SLAVES
Get on your knees and write to this dominant master, 6'4", 220 lbs, 7". Must be white and willing to submit to all my fantasies. Send photo and frank letter to Box 17261 Ft. Worth, TX 76102

VIRGINIA

HELP ME FIND MY LIMITS

Alexandria, M, 5'11", 155 lbs, 22, experienced, dark hair, beard, bags for dark haired, bearded master, older, experienced, WS, B&D, S&M, FF, groups, tits or your command. Box 205, 805 Tennessee Ave., Alexandria, VA 22205

LYNCHBURG, MS, 31, 5'11", 145 lbs, 7" cut, knowledgeable, looking for someone willing to take time in training, 20-35 white, masculine, no fags or dirt. Box 139.

MS (I preferred) 29, 5'6", 142 lbs, muscular, 8" cut, seek short haired, clean-cut, muscular M who is masculine and know how to follow orders, including "ordeal" but know when to pull back, respect limits. While I am attracted to other tops, it takes quite a man to get my bottom, and then not for very long. Box 294V50

RICHMOND, S, Leo, 48, 6'1", 175 lbs, white, 8" cut, brown hair, blue eyes. Harley rider, ex-cycle cop into high muscle biker, cycle cop uniforms, studs into big bikes and studs who ride them, cigars, leather leathers, truckers, horses, WS, J/o, light S&M, boot lover. Business necessitates travel entire US. Replies with photo and phone get mine. Box 5601, Richmond, VA 23220

WASHINGTON

SPOKANE, Truckers and hot studs serviced by booted leatherman. Box 532

TACOMA, SM, Capricorn, 37, 6'3", 190 lbs, white, 7", novice wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns Harley and prefers bike owner. No fags, fets. Box 185G2

TACOMA, SM, completely inexperienced, 8" uncut, 5'10", 240 lbs, Box 181X

SEATTLE AREA, FF good tops and/or bottom looking for good times. Living fast, trained by the best. Enjoy men, not boys. Into uniforms, sports (if you know what I mean); am hot for truckers, cowboys and leathermen. Am 6'11", 170 lbs, hairy, 9" uncut. Box 696

WISCONSIN

JUK K's JOK & SNEAKS
Butch, college jock, type 32, 5'10", 155 lbs, super versatile, digs (cocktails, sneakers, sweatshirts) athletic, raunch, locker room fantasy, piss, sweat, cum spit, heavy dirty talk and humiliation both ways, but no pain. Action or correspond. Box 130W

WATERTOWN, S, Libra, 27, 6'175 lbs, white, 7", novice will satisfy needs of mutually honest, understanding partner. Into WS, B&D, humiliation, public exhibitionism. No heavy drugs, selfish types. Box 130W

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS

MANITOWOC, SM, Aquarius, 28, 5'7", 150 lbs, white, 7", novice. Man, bearded stud seeks available contacts to 24 with nice ass, at least 6". Nobody too involved in gay scene. Box 62X

MILWAUKEE, MS, Capricorn, 42, 5'4", 210 lbs, white, 6", knowledgeable, 15 years as a slave has taught him to enjoy both roles with intel ligent partner. 25-60 no fags. Box 294V85

CONTACT

AMERICANS IN EUROPE

Coming to Europe for one year starting June 1980. Looking for muscular father types with big cocks into S&M, boots, leather, mandibles, leather, leather and toys. Am 21, 5'8", 140 lbs, 8" cut. Send photo. Box 545.

M, 24, 66 kg, 178 cm, white, into training with belts, whips, ties, torture, verbal abuse, bondage, mandibles, shackles, gags, canes, sucking, flogging, fucked, leather, leather boots and uniforms. Seeks correspondence and/or meetings with dominant white Masters in USA, Canada, England, Germany, Sweden and Australia. Box 687C

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respond with same on US/Australian
experiences. Stogies, caps, univer-
sity beer, drinker wants same, maybe meet
in filthy shithouse some day. Dig
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MELBOURNE, M, 42, 6'3", 190
7' cut, seeks topome, 26-45,
hung, macho, well built. Am willing
to experiment, but my limits should
be respected. Box 268

CANADA

5, 45, 5'11, 150 lbs, slender
blonde hairy 8' cut, stern discipli-
narian, but considerate and re-
spects limits. Seeks 18-40, slender,
blue eyes, 5'10" prefer uncut, should be
adventurous, and willing to
experiment with the spankings of my personal
assistant. No fats, men, sat. Appli-
cants should be willing to experi-
ment with mild S&M B&D, WS,
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VANCOUVER, M, 30s, trim, hung,
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200

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W/m, 26, 6', 145 lbs., blonde, blue
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tact us and explore. Box 506

LONDON, Leather guy, 6'2", 170
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stamps and mine. If you are a real
slave, I can guarantee you the real
thing. Letters with photos answered
first. Box 685.

MIDDLESEX, 37, 5'10', 145 lbs,
cut, medium build, short hair,
masculine, seeks same, over 30,
imaginative, into leather/uniforms or
levis, hung. Am into good S&M
bondage, fisting, whipping, dildos.
Box 383

SM, 45, 5'11", 14, stone, 6', in
aggressive, looking for willingness. No
wet blankets. Box 359

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cuisine, wear leather nature. Should
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fetish. Box 121.

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uncut, experienced, tending toward S
role, can switch for right guy.
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year. Want to meet/respond with
interesting man into leather, levis,
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fetish. Please. Box 134.

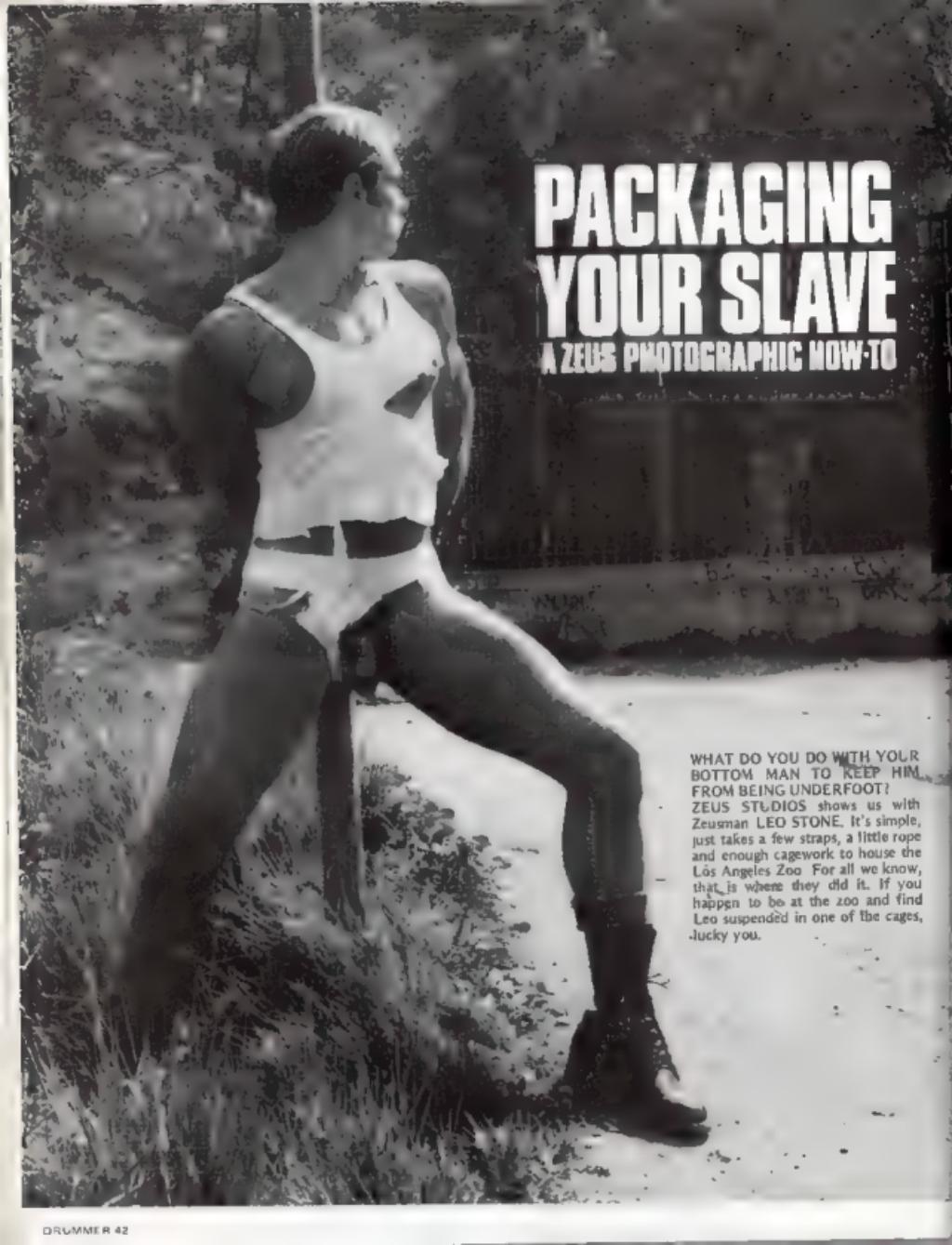
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toys. Write to Peter Schuett,
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(More Drumbeats on page 54)

PACKAGING YOUR SLAVE

A ZEUS PHOTOGRAPHIC HOW-TO





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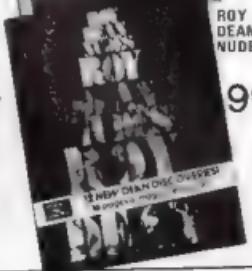
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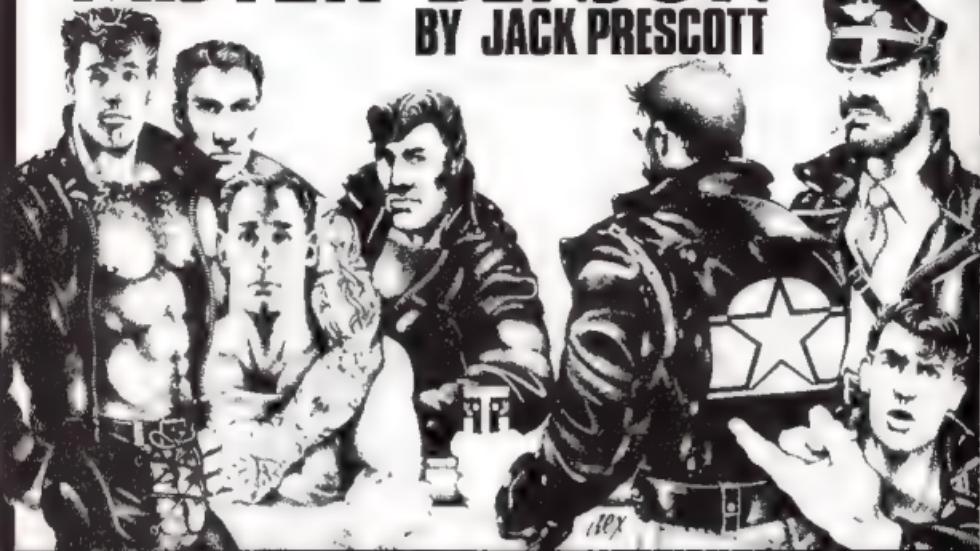
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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Part Seven

MISTER BENSON

BY JACK PRESCOTT



I woke the next morning in the splendor of the Plaza. The bright Spring sun came through the large windows overlooking Central Park. I was in a surprisingly good mood. I rubbed my hand over the shaven chest and under my arms, my hands gliding over the soft skin whose surface felt more like silk than human covering.

Mr. Benson! As always nowadays, he was the first thought in my mind. It suddenly dawned on me that I had just slept in a bed for the first time since I had met him. I spread my legs far apart, sliding them over the fresh washed sheets, touching my backside and my balls to the starched fabric. A long, lingering, muscle stretching yawn came over me as I enjoyed the luxury and tried to ignore the partial bruises of the bed. And I thought about Mr. Benson.

If I had been at home, I would have woken to his nudging feet. I would have been sleeping on the floor in my worn bag. But, I was alone. And the compensation of the luxury accommodations didn't seem to be nearly enough to make up for his absence.

The thought of my man brought on a hardon. My shaft stuck straight up against the sheets and away from my nubile skin. I started to reach down to my cock, but stopped. Mr. Benson didn't like me to beat off. He liked me to be in need of him. Even if he wasn't here, I decided to stick by the rules. I let the built-up muscle scrape against the cotton and enjoyed my thoughts about Mr. Benson.

But that wasn't going to be enough. It was Sunday. I still had two days before I could return to him. What should I do? He had told me to enjoy room service, so I called them and ordered an outrageous breakfast and the *Sunday Times*. I jumped into the shower and was dry with my leather pants on when the door knock came. I answered quickly.

I had thought that the pants and socks I had on were a

more modest outfit than the towel around my waist that I had worn when I had called for the razor last night. But there was nothing modest in the stare that greeted me now. Obviously the leather meant more to this man than the towel would have. And obviously, he wasn't room-service.

"...I was expecting my breakfast." I stammered. "Maybe you found it." The guttural voice answered. I blushed red at the implications. The man in front of me was about forty. He was handsome in a very rough Italian way. His dark hair curled over his scalp in thick waves. His nose appeared to have been broken at some time. The breadth of his shoulders and the size of his arm muscles couldn't even be covered by the fashionable three piece suit he was wearing. His face softened into almost a smile. "I must have the wrong door." His hand came out and lightly nipped at my left tit, "too bad, about that."

"You . . . you could call downstairs to find out the right room number if you'd like." Jesus, why did I say that? Because he exuded animal sex that's why. Because I knew his cock would be enormous and because I still had some of my morning hardon left.

"You want me to find another room?" "I don't know what you mean." I thought that answer gave me a minute to think. But he didn't hear a hesitation.

"Sure you do, kid. But, don't worry." He went past me into the room. "Close the door and get rid of those pants."

He crossed the room and sat on one of the two big comfortable chairs. I froze. "Look, I've just had some bad experiences, I really don't think you should stay." But something about him came over me. I sensed tremendous power in him. My hands ignored my head and took off the pants.

"You'd be a lot more convincing, kid, if you still had your clothes on. Give me a light."

He had taken out a cigar. I walked over to him and picked up one of the books of matches that were on the table. I stuck a flame and touched it to his tobacco. "I mean it, mister. I don't mean to be difficult. But I've had a bad time. I shouldn't have let you in and I shouldn't have taken off my pants. But, now, please, will you leave?"

"Kid, you're in the Plaza. You're in a room with a very busy and very important man who just happens to be very horny and very turned on to you. Nothing could possibly happen to you. I have a meeting in the hotel. Now, it just so happens that this meeting is worth millions of dollars to me. But, it also just so happens that I want a piece of that nice ass. No one turns me down, kid. Hand me the phone."

I had thought he was vaguely familiar, and now I knew. His picture had appeared in every newspaper in town. A flush of anxiety swept over me as I recognized the kingpin of organized crime in New York. Oh God.

I handed him the house phone and watched his rough face while he puffed on the cigar and got a hold of the operator, getting himself connected to another room where his gruff voice told them "Tough shit . . . I'll get there when I can . . . At least another hour . . . So buy him breakfast."

He slammed the receiver down. "Asshole." He turned to me. "Kid, don't ever do any business with Krauts. Those Germans are all a pile of shit . . . more trouble than they're worth."

One of his big hands reached out and drew me closer to him. The warmth of his palm spread over my ass. "You're

hot, kid. Shaved, too. Who did that?"

"My master."

"Master, huh? Into that S&M stuff?" I nodded. "That's okay, kid, don't worry about me. You recognize my mug shot?" I nodded again. "Yeah, I thought you might. They usually do. But I'm not going to hurt you, kid. Far from it. Come here, sit on my lap."

He pulled me still closer and soon I found myself on his thighs, my hairless, bruised skin scratched against the rough wool of his pants, my arms had no place to go except around his neck. One of his own arms came around my waist. "I like little guys like you, kid." One of the wide palms cupped my asscheek. "And with no hair, you look even younger." His tongue came out and started to lick at my pecs, finding my nipples. Their training showed forth again with sights that came out of me before he expected them. "Feels, good, huh, kid?"

"Yes, sir."

"No, kid, not 'sir.' 'Daddy!' You call me daddy, kid." His hands started a caress of my rump just when the door knock came. "Come in," he yelled out. I started to jump up, but he held me tight. "Don't worry, son, it'll be all right." The same old man as last night came in. How could he still be working? He wordlessly set up the tray table in the middle of the floor. He came over to the pair of us in the corner when the breakfast was all set up. "You did good, Jocko." The man waved a large bill at the room waiter. It was a set up! The guy turned to me, still smiling. "Jocko, he and I have a deal, he knows what I like, see, and whenever there's a chance there's a guy here for me, he gives me a high sign. He knew I'd be here today, so he hung around for me to let me know about you." The hand patted my ass. "A good find, Jocko. Keep up the good work." The waiter left.

"You see kid, I got my own little trip going with boys. You have the kind who want to beat them up. And you got the kind that want to make love. Me, I just like to take care of



my little fellas. Now you, you must be hungry. Come over here." He gently pushed me off his lap and went to the one chair at the table and sat down again. He patted his thighs. "Come on, kid."

I was totally lost now. Here I was, all alone in a hotel room with one of the biggest and best known figures of the Mafia. And he's treating me like a long, lost son. When I climbed back on his lap I was sitting on a different knee. But the lump I felt against his chest did nothing to calm me down. 'Daddy' had a gun.

He was massive. I don't think he was as tall as Mr. Benson, but he definitely was more muscular. I thought I remembered that he had been a boxer once. I asked him, "Yeah, kid. A long time ago. And I kept the old machine in pretty good shape, don't you think?" He slapped his side for emphasis.

He was cutting the breakfast steak I had ordered with a knife. I was shocked when the piece came up to my mouth. "Come on, kid, open up for daddy." I chewed on the food. I gulped it down, half in fear. "Hey," his voice was suddenly sharp, "Not so fast, you have to chew your food better than that or you'll get a spanking." I had a sudden insight into what was going on. The size of the man and the presence of the gun were all that I needed to stay in line. I took a very, very long time chewing the next piece of steak.

"That's better, son. Now here, take a swallow of milk."

He even held the glass for me while I drank. The whole break-fast went down like that. I hadn't been treated that way since I was in kindergarten. When I had eaten everything on the plate he told me I was a good boy, "A very good boy."

This was a trip I don't think even Mr. Benson could have taken me on. I didn't know the cues, and I was more frightened of this man than I had been of the brute the night before. "Come on, time to go potty, son." Potty?

He led me into the bathroom, he pulled down the seat of the toilet and sat on it. He held on to my waist with one arm, and with another took a large bath towel off the rack. He spread my legs and then tied the corners of the towel to a diaper! He had put on a diaper!

His hands slid up and down my sides. He didn't watch me, but kept his eyes glued to my crotch. "Come on, boy, pee-pee for daddy Show daddy how you pee-pee." I knew what I was supposed to do, and strained against the empty bladder, but finally forced a flow, enough to dampen the thick towel. The piss flowed down from the cotton fabric and onto the floor. "Bad, boy!" But he had told me to! "Wetting your diapers. You'll have to have a spanking!"

He took the towel off me and threw it into a corner. He took a washcloth and soaked it under the sink faucet. "Spread your legs so daddy can clean you off." The moist warmth bathed my skin gently.

After being alone for a while, almost a whole day now, and after having learned to get into all of Mr. Benson's trips, my mind was ready for almost everything, I guess. I was surprised when I heard my voice, "I'm sorry, Daddy, I didn't mean to do it."

A clean, soft, dry towel was rubbing against me now. Why was I responding this way? My cock was hard. Was it just the touch of the warm hands and the soft cloth? Or just having someone to take care of me again? "I won't do it again, daddy. Please don't spank me!"

"Son, you have to learn not to go pee-pee in your diapers. I told you before, didn't I?" A hand slapped out at my bare rump. Tears came out of my eyes more copiously and more readily than ever before.

"I won't do it again, Daddy."

"Stop whining." The voice had become harsher. I had to pull back before I took this too far.

He grabbed my wrist and dragged me back into the bedroom. He sat down in the chair again, still holding onto my arm. "Over my lap."

Placidly, I bent over his knees. "Daddy's very sorry to have to do this, son, but you have to learn." And the hand started coming down. I squirmed against the anticipated blows before they fell on my ass, feasting their touch on the bruises from last night. He stopped suddenly. "Who did this to you?"

I was sniffling. "Some guy last night."

"Did you ask for it?"

"No, Daddy."

"Did you want it?"

"Not the way he gave it to me."

"Jesus, what a bastard." He was very serious now. "Tell me what happened."

The whole story came flooding out — about being on my own for a weekend — I didn't tell him all about Mr. Benson — and going to the bar, the guy picking me up and waking in the doorway when he was done.

"I'm sorry son, I didn't really know they were bruises at first, I mean what bad bruises they were. I figured you had just gotten out of a hot bath and had some left over marks, but Christ, this!" His hand went over the welts that were raised so high I could sense the ridges as his hands passed over them. "To think someone would do this to one of daddy's boys. Poor little guy." He rolled me over somehow so I was facing up, being supported by his enormous arms. He stood and carried me over to the bed effortlessly.

"Poor little fella, getting beat up like that." He stretched me out on the bed and stood beside it, stripping himself quickly. The torso he revealed had more to do with a gorilla than a man, it was thick with dark hair formed into mounds by the well developed muscles. The belly was swollen out, but firm to my touch when he laid beside me on the bed and gathered me up into his arms again. A cock that was as wide as my wrist shot out from the hairy growth, pressing against my stomach. The litany of his never faltered, "Poor kid, let me hold you. Let Daddy make everything feel okay for you."

DRAWINGS BY REA

And I responded. Little boy tears came from my eyes as I talked more about the sadist from last night, I stuck my head into the warm neck and told daddy how frightened I was, how scared, how I had wanted someone to take care of me.

"Daddy's here now, son, daddy's here." The cock worked its way between my legs and a gentle, slow thrusting began, the cock only grazing my asshole. My own cock rubbing against the warmth of his stomach matting.

His hands each softly cupped one of my cheeks, he held me tight. His body suddenly and luxuriously drenched itself in sweat, the hair clung to his skin revealing more of the heavy muscles, I kept expecting him to fuck me, worrying a little about the size of his prick forcing its way into me. But, he shot right like that, his cum squirting behind me. "Daddy's boy, daddy's boy, daddy's boy" he moaned as he clutched me to him hard, holding on as much as he could.

My own erection stood out from my stomach, waiting for release. As soon as he regained his breathing, he reached down and grasped it, gently pulling on its length and still keeping one of my cheeks in his other palm. "Come on, boy, shoot your cum for daddy. Come on, let it come out all over daddy." The strange new litany continued for a few minutes until I felt the pulsing of my prick quicken, the harness went stiff and the spasms of orgasm pushed through me. My cum was added to the heavy smelling sweat on his body. "Good boy, that's a good boy." He clutched me to him so forcibly I thought I would lose a rib.

We laid there on the bed, just staying quiet for a long five minutes. I enjoyed the feeling of being enveloped by so large a man, of being held after only one night away from Mr. Benson. I kept my face nestled in his neck, softly rubbing against the fur of his body.

"That was wonderful, kid." His words signaling an obvious end. He pulled himself away from me and got up by the bed. "You're a real good boy." A hand came down and patronizingly patted my head. "I don't like people fooling around with good kids like you. You want me to do something about that guy?"

I had a flashing view of the leatherman from last night wearing cement boots and being tossed into the Hudson. It was an intriguing image. But I thought better of saying it out loud. People like this man don't have the best minds for fine distinctions between fantasies and realities. "No, thank you. It's as much my fault as anything. I was stupid to have gone home with him without knowing what would happen."

"Well, I suppose you're right, but I don't like the idea of people like that creeping around the city." He had become very businesslike again. He went into the bathroom and I thought about the strange but strangely pleasant trip we had just gone on. I thought about what might happen if he hadn't seen my scars and become so concerned. I pictured myself sitting on his lap and being fed every meal. Wearing diapers and wetting my pants. It wasn't a scene to make me want to do it again, but it had been interesting. That was for certain.

He dried himself in the doorway of the bathroom. The thick hair resembled a fur coat again as it fluffed up from the towel. He was really immense. I giggled thinking of this fearsome criminal feeding his 'boy' dinner and spanking him for wearing diapers. "You want a doctor or something, kid? I mean for those bruises?"

My own hand went out and ran over the surface of the skin. "No, thanks, again. I think it'll be okay. They only hurt if I lean right on them. I don't think there's anything really to be done. He didn't cut me or break anything."

He was pulling his trousers on by now. "OK, but if you ever need anything, anything at all, you just tell that bellhop. He's on my payroll and he can get a message to me any time; anytime at all. You understand?" The last sentence was more an order than a statement.

"Yes, daddy."

The smile came back as he tied his tie and reached out to pet my head again. "I take care of my little boys, every one of them is special to me."

He finished dressing and walked to the door. Suddenly I thought of something. "Daddy?"

He stopped and turned to me. "Daddy, do you know anything about some gay guys who are missing? Did it have anything to do with the guy last night?"

His stare was stern. "I told you not to have anything to do with Krauts, didn't I? Well, stay away from Germans for the

next week - that's an order."

The door slammed behind him before I could ask anything more

I found Rocco at the bar that next night. The horrible bruises on my body had healed enough to let me walk comfortably, at least. Their dark red marks on my skin were a constant reminder of the safety I had left when I had walked out of Mr. Benson's door. They reminded me of how much I wanted to be back there.

But, an afternoon of soaking in a hot tub and eating good food had helped a lot. And I was anxious to see Rocco and to find out what was happening with the mystery of the missing men. I was especially anxious that he hear my news.

I was surprised by the almost sad face that greeted me. My friend Rocco, the one who I had shared so much with, almost seemed to try to ignore me. I couldn't figure out why. "Jamie, here, here's a beer. Look, I gotta talk to you, but not now. Not at the bar. Wait for my break, will you? It'll only be another half an hour."

What was wrong? What was happening that Rocco wouldn't talk to me? I went over to the other side of the barroom and pondered the almost put off way that Rocco was acting. Was something wrong with Mr. Benson? A flash of fear went through my body. I was just beginning to understand how much I needed him, could something have happened to him? I had begun to think about Mr. Benson as though he were indestructible. But, in some ways, he was human. Could he have been hurt?

Or, did it have to do with the missing men? My mind went over the little information Rocco and I had. Maybe someone was here in the bar and Rocco didn't want him to know we were aware of the things that were happening. Maybe

The half hour went by with excruciating slowness. My mind was in a frenzy by the time Rocco came around from behind the bar and joined me with a fresh beer.

"Rocco, what is this? Why are you being so weird?"

"Oh, Jamie, I just don't know how to tell you."

"Tell me what?" It was Mr. Benson! I knew it. I just knew that something had happened to him.

"Jamie, he brought that other guy to the clubhouse last night." Rocco blurted out. He had a small tear coming down from one of his eyes. I looked at his face without understanding what he had just said.

"Well, So?"

"But, Jamie. He said he was Mr. Benson's new slave. He said he had kicked you out. Did he? Jamie, what happened?"

I felt as though a pile of bricks had dropped on my chest. That was the moment when I understood the true vulnerability of being a slave. The real risk that you take if all went through my mind in those few minutes. All the submissions I had made flashed through me. Each one that had been exciting or adventuresome or had been meant to be dedications of myself to Mr. Benson became searing humiliations.

I had shaved my body for this man. This man whose piss I drank. This man who kept me locked up without clothes or freedom for weeks. He had just dumped me. And I was left with nothing but the stripped away vision of an asshole! Me! A stupid asshole for him to have used. He was telling the truth when he had called me that. It was all I had meant to him. I was only a pound of flesh.

My face flushed as I thought of the self deception I had practiced. How could I have been so foolish? Thinking that his taking care of me was part of the same relationship as the degradation I had gone through. Thinking that his true feelings were being expressed in the abuse he had heaped on me.

The brand! Branded on the ass by someone who would so easily throw me away! My hand went down and rubbed against the bruised ass and the scar that Mr. Benson had inflicted on me were the same thing. The same misuse of my body just two different men who had more in common than not.

An angry tear came out of my eye. But with shame and guilt at what I had gone through.

"What did they do?" The words came out through clenched jaws. The violence in them shocked Rocco.

"Jamie, look, they . . . they just went through the motions. Maybe they were just joking." He knew his words were lies and the heated stare I gave him made him admit it. "The

usual," his voice dropped as he gave up trying to fool me.

"The usual?" My fury returned. How could Rocco call what I had been through the usual?

"I mean . . ." he stammered, "Jamie . . . he . . . he didn't brand him."

"That's supposed to make me think it's all okay. Because I do have the asshole's brand on me!" My jaws had broken loose from their rigid set and my voice had risen to a scream

"Jamie, look, calm down . . ."

"Calm down!" The scream rose again.

"Jamie, not here, not in the bar." He took my arm with one hand and removed the beef bottle with the other "Come on, let's go for a walk."

He led me out of the bar and into the street. The sudden gust of air hit me with a cool force and the aloneness of a dark street in the Village let lose a wild sobbing from deep in my gut.

Rocco put an arm around me. I guess trying to comfort me, but the move only brought a deeper, angry cry from me. The humiliation swept over me again. Rocco had seen it all! He had seen what Mr. Benson had done to me. And he had seen Mr. Benson take on another slave. I cried into his chest and thought of the enormous shame I had felt. The horror of what I had allowed to be done to me! And to think I had once viewed it as my manhood that I could give to a man like him.

The others went through my mind. Larry, with his fucked up values, wasn't so off-base, was he? I thought. There were no men in gay life who were going to treat anyone with any decency. The sadist last night? He really wasn't any different than Mr. Benson, I seemed now. And the strange gangster. Who could call anyone else strange when he himself had spent a month, never sitting on a piece of furniture and polishing someone else's toilet bowl like it was a royal throne.

God, what a fool I'd been.

The sobs kept heaving, straining my chest muscles with sharp pain. The water from my tears was joined by a flow from my nose and mouth. I had broken down completely. The gulping of my chest and the crying left me weak, soon Rocco was holding me up. "Oh, Rocco, Rocco, how could you have let me? How could you have let me make such a fool of myself?"

I slid to the ground and he stood there, trying to make soothing sounds to comfort me. And finally, I don't know how much later, it stopped. There were no more tears left.

A sudden sobriety came over me. My job! Suddenly I was left with the dilemma of re-entering the real world. The fantasy of being cared for was gone. Buy, my job! I had given it up. And my apartment! I had no place to live.

Just like any other fairy who was foolish enough to believe in love. A heavy depression sank over me. There really wasn't any difference, I thought. There was no difference at all between two florists getting together and owning a shop and what I had just put myself through. And at least they probably had a legal contract.

I felt the lump of money still in my back pocket. The money! I suddenly understood why he had given me so much. It was to leave for good. 'Give the little guy a suit of leather and a roll of dough and he'll forget all about it.'

I wanted to tear the bills up and throw them down the gutter. The tight pants and the awkward position were all that stopped me. I collapsed after a weak attempt to pull the money out. Why be foolish? I knew I really would need it. I had no place to go. I couldn't return to my old room-mate and let him see the state I had sunk to.

And still more humiliation. He had given me something like a thousand dollars. At the time I thought it was his generosity. Now I knew it was the price tag he had put on me. A thousand dollars! Should I just consider it salary? A month's work?

I could barely hear Rocco trying to speak to me, "Jamie, I know he didn't throw you out. He wouldn't do that. He just wouldn't, Jamie. There must be a reason for it."

I shook my head sadly. "No, Rocco, that's just what did happen. Did you see that guy?" I lifted my head up to look in his face. My red streaked face didn't matter to me now. He nodded. "Then you know how beautiful he was. You know who he was, don't you?" Again, he nodded. "And look at me, Rocco. I'm just some little queer who thought he had a right to something better in his life. That's my foolishness, Rocco. Do you know, when we had a three way, all I could

think about was how lucky I was to be Mr. Benson's slave and to have a chance, any chance at all, to sleep with someone like that. I just thought about how fortunate I was to be given the opportunity. Instead, it gets me out on the street. Every detail I think about, Rocco, just adds to the embarrassment."

"What are you going to do, Jamie?"

"What else does a used slave do, Rocco? I'm going to clean up and go find some cock to suck. What else can I do?" The sobs started coming up again. Rocco tried to talk to me, but I could tell by the way he kept glancing at his watch that he was worried about his job. I could barely make out his words through my fog of self-pity and disgrace, but I heard him asking me to come into the bar with him. Somehow, I got up and followed him back around the corner and into the dark space.

I found myself pulling on a good, cold bottle of beer. The sobs still woke up my throat and my insides. I took another swig and then went up to the bar to get a third bottle. That was three more than I was used to having.

"Hey, Jamie, what you think you're doin'?" Rocco never did lose that concerned look of his. "Getting drunk isn't going to help anything."

"Rocco, just give me a beer. Here's the money." My words were harsh. I was so concerned with blocking out the pain that I couldn't care less about his feelings. The new beer came across the surface and hit my hand. I grabbed it and downed it, and another, and another — three more in a half hour. Finally, the longed-for haze of alcohol took over my brain and soothed the nerve endings that I had thought would drive me insane. A kind of calmness came over me.

"So, I was an asshole. But he was, too." The bellyful of beer said to me. 'What kind of prick is he that he marches around in the skin of a dozen animals and makes like he's some little earthbound god? He's no better'n me. Him and that pretty boy model of his.' A mound of self-justifications built themselves up in my head. 'Master! Master, indeed! His belly's too soft and he doesn't get enough exercise and he listens to too much goddamn classical music. Just another pretentious faggot.' The words were there. But I knew I didn't believe a single one of them.

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(continued from page 40)

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German S, 42, 5'6", 140 lbs, masu line, bearded, hung and uncut, seeks active, masculine slaves, 18-50, into S&M, humiliation and far-out, kinky sex. Visit USA twice a year. Game-room and equipment are awaiting visitors to Germany. Send photo. Box 133.

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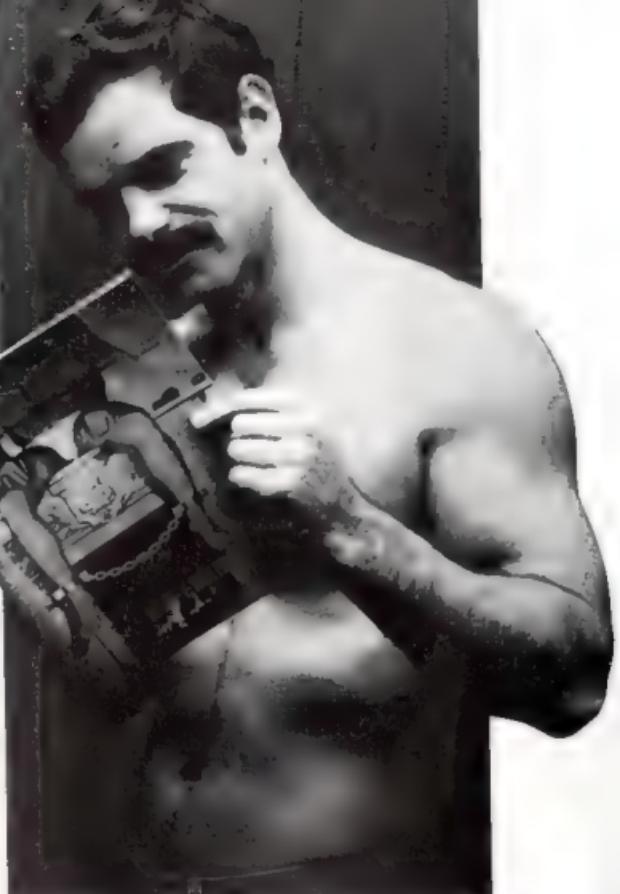
All magazines have readers who vary in loyalty to their favorite periodicals. If they remember to, some readers will look through the current issue at the stand or store and if there is something that interests them, will pick up a copy. The trouble with some gay magazines is that they can be read completely right at the newsstand in a matter of minutes. Other readers will trade off one magazine for another with their friends to save on what the cost of magazines is these days.

However, there are some publications that have such a loyal following that its readers will promptly go to their book-store and demand the new issue, raising hell if it isn't available. We know because we get calls from newsstands and bookstores all over the country. We also get long distance calls from readers complaining that their dealer is out and wanting to know where else they can pick up the new DRUMMER. Now THAT is loyalty.

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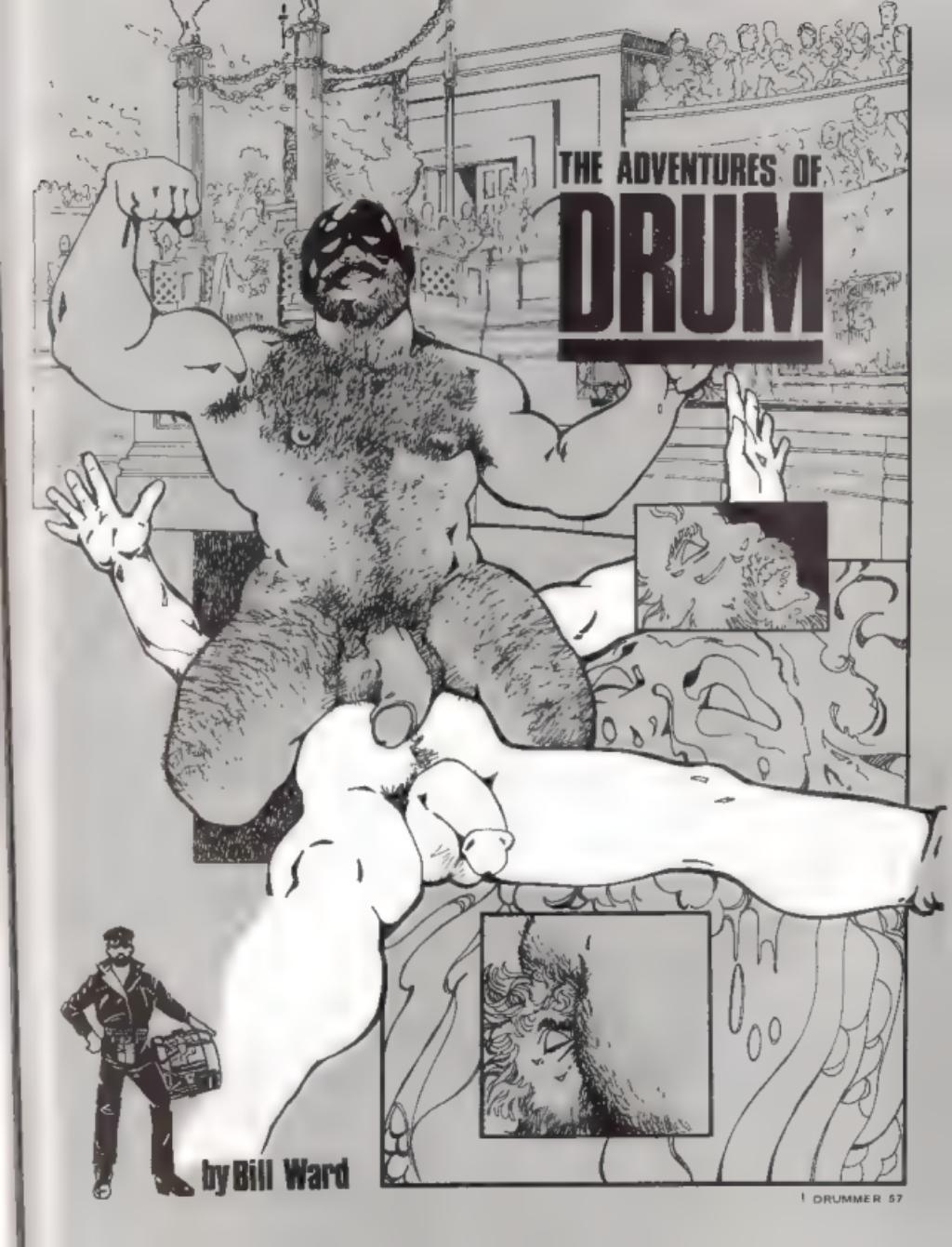
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American Gigolo

There is very little in Paul Schrader's *American Gigolo* that works, and a great deal that doesn't. The things that don't work are the most offensive, but ultimately, the whole film is offensive and unforgivable.

Gays make easy targets. A rash of films depicting gays as nefarious characters are either on the screens or soon to be playing America's theatres. Films like *Windows*, a sad, meaningless, ugly film about a Lesbian psychopath who has the object of her affection, a straight woman, raped and tormented in hopes of turning her off to men. And there's Billy Friedkin's *Cruising*, based somewhat on Gerald Walker's novel of the same name, that would have been offensive regardless who brought it to the screen. And there's Paramount's upcoming *Dress Grey*, about a homosexual murder at West Point. And, if you backtrack a few months, the god awful *10*, with its rejected, nearly alcohol-free gay character.

Even with the controversy and protest that has followed these kind of films, the major studios seem bent on keeping deaf ears to the gay filmmaking community. But why that is might be explained. Anti-gay sells very easily to non-gay, homophobic audiences. In fact, it might be a highly-marketable commodity. The studio can be assured a film with an anti-gay bias will receive a good deal of media attention (which translates into free advertising) by the protests launched against it from gays. It could make the difference in an otherwise unmemorable film.

American Gigolo has so many other faults that the anti-gay elements in the film really place low on the list. Paul Schrader, whose script for *Taxi Driver* was flawless, seems to have lacked a perspective when creating the main character, Julian Kay. He claims the research for the highly-paid male prostitute was "internal." And probably every male over 12 has some hidden fantasy about being a paid stud. But the human depth of Schrader's earlier taxi driver is missing. Julian Kay is a character without a reason for being. Schrader gives him two scenes in which to explain himself. In one, he is telling co-star Lauren Hutton, who plays the unhappy wife of a California senator, how he spent three hours getting a woman off who hadn't had a climax in ten years. It's too simplistic, since the psychological depth behind the story is confined to Julian's assumption that "No one else would have taken the time." In the second telling scene, whatever empathy you feel for the character is diminished when he tells a detective questioning him that



Base Instrument. Richard Gere as Julian Kay, the high-paid stud who claims he has been dealt a rotten deck

"Some people are above the law." Asked how those people know they are in the right, Julian rapidly replies, "They just know." Hardly the defense of male prostitution as a noble heritage. And that, the inability of the film to create a heroic figure in Julian, is its downfall. In fact, the only character with any integrity is Michelle (Lauren Hutton), who defends Julian when it looks definite that he will be indicted for a murder he claims not to have committed.

The plot doesn't have much more reason for being. Julian is a high-paid, handsome, heterosexual hustler who speaks five languages, lives in Westwood (Los Angeles), sleeps with wealthy matrons (because he *likes* older women, he says), and in his past has perhaps done some things he didn't like. He dresses well, almost a different outfit in every scene, goes to the best restaurants, knows the best people, gives satisfaction.

One of his clients dies. A kinky Palm Springs couple hire Julian to beat and rape the wife while the husband watches.

There is much protesting made before and after this particular encounter from Julian that he doesn't do "fags" or "kink." In fact, the two adjectives are almost always uttered in the same sentence. Yet, we are lead to believe in this instance that he did do "kink."

We don't really know if Julian killed the woman, even accidentally. He was turned on to the trick by a Black hustler/pusher/pimp who is definitely homosexual. The pimp, Leon, warns Julian that living off "that rich white pussy" is tenuous at best, that when things get rough they will turn on him quicker than a cornered lioness. Julian thinks he is above reproach. So did Caesar's wife.

By the time Julian reads about the death of the Palm Springs woman in the paper, he has already met Michelle. He is pretty closed-mouthed, so it takes Michelle about half the film to find out what's going on, then there is a lot of indecision about what she really wants to fulfill her sense of obligation to her aspiring husband or to chuck it all for the

love of Julian, who does not respond to her with the same degree of emotion. In fact, he doesn't even want to sleep with her, and it is only after the most humiliating pleading that he does. But you see, Julian doesn't do anything he doesn't want to do, including following good advice. By this time, the publicity of the murder, he had told his original madame to pretty much shove it in, had demanded a much higher cut off, arranged tricks from other people, and spent a lot of time denouncing "fags" and "kink." He's just not likeable, not even anti-heroic. Basically, Julian is an asshole.

Julian decides he had been framed for this murder. Someone saw his car the night of the crime, something belonging to the woman was discovered under his bed ("Women never come here" said earlier is supposed to bait the audience into believing him), his alibi backs out, which is to be expected, she has a husband and a social position to protect. In fact, when Julian runs to Anne, his former madame/procurer, she point blank asks him if he did it. He doesn't answer, and she says, "It's okay if you did . . . it's alright." Anne is an asshole, too.

Julian begins to uncover possible clues as to who did it as the film rushes to its uneven climax. Julian thinks it was Leon, the Black homosexual jack-of-all-illegal-trades. In fact, Julian sees Leon's latest conquest, a muscular blonde type with a slave collar around his neck, messing around in Julian's garage. Why, he just doesn't know.

Julian confronts Leon after a saunter through Los Angeles' infamous Selma



Julian in his element: Art, Class and Vice.

Avenue (where real hustling really takes place) and into an imaginary disco called "Probe" that is filled with all these leather gals dancing and doing drugs on the dance floor. Once again Julian denounces "fags" and "kink," but by this time the audience just doesn't believe him.

I'm not going to give away the ending, although there are no twists, no surprises

nothing memorable. Schrader doesn't manage what he attempts in the final scenes because by this time you don't care about Julian, or Leon, or the blonde hunk, or who killed the Palm Springs swinger. In fact, the picture really belongs to Michelle, the only character with any integrity, and *American Gigolo* isn't about her, it's about Julian.

There is one good thing in this film, and that's Richard Gere, who tries his best to bring the character of Julian to life. It's obvious he has worked out, as best he can, a rationale for Julian, based on the uneven and often misleading script. He looks the part, self-assured, coy, determined, gentle, caring. It isn't his fault the dialogue is so bad. But Gere is a remarkable actor obviously destined for greater roles. His current success in the Broadway production of *Bent*, his fine performance in *The Yanks*, *Blood-brothers*, and *Days of Heaven* show a consistency and a growth. And the concept for *American Gigolo* would have proved an appealing vehicle; had the film lived up to its pretensions.

It's easy to lay almost all the blame on Schrader. He both wrote and directed, and it's the script and the direction that demolish the concept. What could have been a unique examination of a world still whispered about and grossly misunderstood is a mindless trifle that can't create a hero, is lacking in any social understanding of its subject matter, and misses the mark in bringing the world of the idle, illegal rich to visual life.

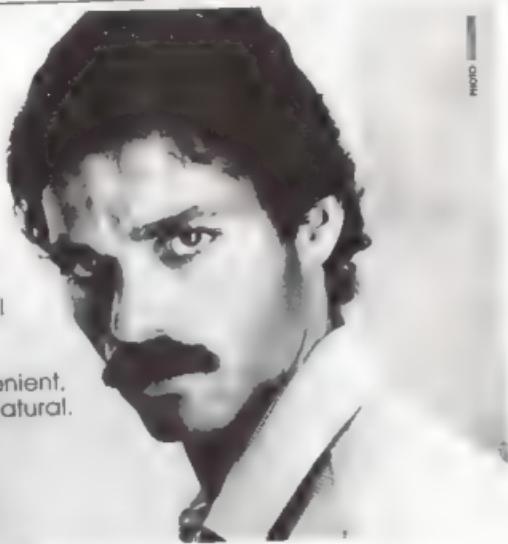
It just offends for two hours.

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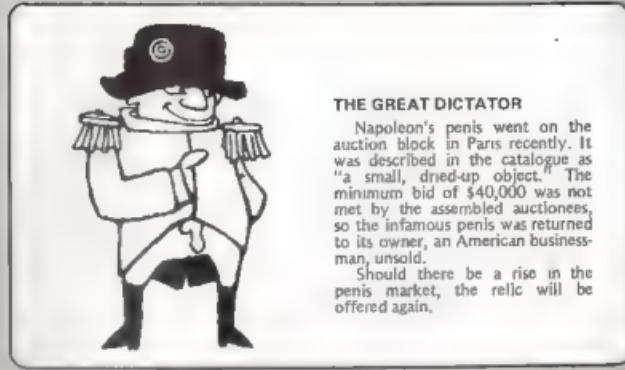
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Should there be a rise in the penis market, the relic will be offered again.

S&M FOOTBALL

According to The Arizona Republic, Arizona State's former football coach reportedly struck his players with boards (ugh!), steel bars (ugggh!), wooden dowels (?)

Describing the coach "as a brutal, unyielding man who had the final say on everything," The Republic reported that the coach ran players through various "hamburger drills," exercises designed for punishment until the players no longer were able to defend themselves.

And from a deposition by a former linebacker, this quote: "He was standing behind me when he did it. And everybody said I had pretty long hair, it looked like he

didn't know whether to grab my hair or slap me or kick me. So he slapped me in the head and kicked me."

A former interim coach testified that he had seen The Coach pull face masks and slap players on the helmet as well as kick and punch athletes.

The paper said that a former ASU punter is suing for 2.2 million, claiming he was assaulted and harassed by the former coach.

The plaintiff testified that he had seen the coach hit players with various objects, including wood and knotted rope. He added that athletes had to run through the famed "hamburger drills" for making mistakes. He described the drill as " . . .

Where the defensive players line up and the whole team, one after another hit him or he is made to block them. And after a period of time, he was not able to protect himself and they still had to continue to hit him until it was finally stopped by another player."

Either because or in spite of these training methods, the offending coach left the school as the second winningest, active football coach with a record of 173 wins to a mere 53 losses.

It boggles the mind to think how effective he could have been with a team of naked galley slaves in a regatta, instead of semi-protected football players. But then there isn't much water in Arizona.

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DRUMMER TOURS WASHINGTON, D.C.





I went to Washington with a New York attitude. I had landed in the Capital thinking the whole trip was going to be a washout. There were visions of Southern belles running around my head, making me long for a quick trip and escape back into the leather bars of Manhattan — I figured those were the only places I could find what I wanted, outside of California at least.

The beginning of the trip made me sure my opinion was right. I was stuck with some 'sister' of a friend who had a house in Georgetown. Yeah, it was pretty, but who needs to see the East Side of New York plumped down in magnolia country? Not me. I don't have a lot of time for sweet talkin' men. I want more than interior decoration from any man who's going to get into *my* interior!

Somehow, I managed to make excuses the second day of the visit and started to wander away from Georgetown, up Wisconsin Avenue. I figured a walk through the city was the only way I was going to get anything. And, I had to escape from the threat of a cocktail party with "all the right people." The right people in my book weren't going to be at that party, I was sure of that.

Actually, though, I have a homing system for leather. I can smell it blocks away. I can psyche out which one of a dozen men are going to get into something hot with just the shortest of conversations. That system works well in even the most adverse situations. And, it was going full-blast when I walked up to this little neighborhood bar on Wisconsin Street called Cy's. It was hot, I could tell. It was also a godsend — I was hot, myself.

I sauntered in. The crowd wasn't really going yet, too early. But in the back, by a pool table, there was a man. Every little nerve in my body picked up on him. Every detail of his body got the once over from me. It was a jackpot — the keys dangled nicely from the left, the shirt parted to show off a thickly haired chest, the handkerchiefs in the back left pocket showed almost every color of the rainbow. Bingo!

I wanted it bad. Real bad. The boredom of my host, the lack of any expectation of anything decent in this Southern town, all of it made my skin just heat up with desire. I could feel the bulge in my crotch swell as he finally looked back at me. He had on a black cowboy hat that covered the top of his head, and to look at me, he had to tilt up a little bit. It looked good, it helped make him look even more menacing than I had thought. Yeah, this was going to be it.

I walked back into the rear of the bar. Trying to use that New York attitude to my advantage now. Trying to come off as the cool sophisticate. But, he wasn't buying any. He had me pegged from the start. He just let me stand there and build up a full steam of energy and then he let me hang there. My worn jeans, the scuffed leather jacket, the heavy engineer boots, none of it did a thing for him — or if they did, he wasn't going to let me know. He wanted to watch my ass twitch in anticipation. He wanted me to have to go after him.



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These kinds of men aren't supposed to live in Washington!

Shit! I thought he was hot, I couldn't figure out how to approach him. The place was deceptive - it was so friendly looking, so small town feeling, but those fuckers knew what was going on. I could tell by the looks of the others in the room that they were getting off on the New York stud sweating it out over one of their own. And they knew what was going to happen to me if I got what I had coming to me. They knew this man better than I did.

I think he took a half hour before he acknowledged me. He made me go through every move in the book to get his attention. He made me posture, beg, plead, humiliate myself in front of his friends. But I did it finally. He came over and slid a hand into my shirt, firmly grabbing one of my tits and rolling it around between strong fingers.

His voice was soft in a Southern way, but there was no doubt about its masculinity, no, sir! I had found myself a man in the nation's Capitol. We talked for a while, the usual bar prattle that leads up to going home together. I was standing there with a stiff prick talking about living in New York and just visiting the District.

"Well, I think it would just be a shame for you to go on back home to the Big Apple with nothing more than a good fucking to remember." I let him know in no uncertain terms that I wanted more than a good fucking. He smiled. "You're going to get it. But, why rush. We got all night, it's hardly dinner time. Besides, there's a very special party tonight. Why don't we get a bite to eat and hang out for a bit, then check out this thing to-night. Later, you'll get plenty from me to remember Washington by."

Shit! All I needed was another cocktail party. I let him know that right

away, "I'm not talking about a cocktail party, asshole. We got better things to do than *that* in Washington. Why don't you just let Daddy handle everything and let him show you a good time."

It was, of course, the "daddy" that did it. That Manhattan frost of mine just melted away at the sound of that word purring out with the thick Southern accents to it. "Call yourself daddy, and this little boy will follow you anywhere!"

For starters, I followed him out to his car and got in beside him. He gave me a quick explanation of the leather scene in the District. I hadn't even known there was one. "Then it's a good thing you found yourself a daddy to tell you all about it," he said, patting my knee. It's a good thing he stopped there, any higher and I would have shot my load on the mark!

Cy's was the starting place, he explained to me. It was the only leather bar over in the Georgetown area. And, one of the only one's worthwhile beside the Eagle. The Eagle was top to them all. It could stand up to comparison with any leather bar in New York in terms of a bar. (No backrooms in Washington.) I didn't pay much attention to his words, I just kept staring at his crotch, the meaty mid-point had this nice hump of flesh caught behind the zipper. I wanted it, I wanted it bad.

Daddy took us across town to the next bar. I wasn't particularly impressed - it looked like any other gay bar in any other city in the South. But, I felt the difference as soon as we walked in. The first room was already crowded with men in full leather outfits. My spine stiffened at the proximity to all that male muscle clad in many pounds of animal skin. Daddy was obviously taking me to the right place.

But, he had said we'd have dinner. I asked, and discovered that bars in Washington have to have food service to get a liquor license. The Eagle, it turned out, does nothing half way. We walked through a door to an adjoining room and I found myself in a real, honest-to-God leather restaurant. There was nothing like this in New York. If Daddy hadn't been so attractive, I'd have had a hard time keeping my eyes off the waiters, all dressed in leather, all of them dangling keys, all of them the types I lust for.

I was so impressed by Daddy that I hardly noticed the steak dinner we had. It seemed strange to me to eat in a leather bar. I liked it though. I liked the idea of men who didn't just crawl into a warehouse district late at night; I liked the idea of men who strutted in to the Eagle in the light of day, their black leather armor glistening.

I followed Daddy's black cowboy hat back into the bar and into still another room. It was another drinking area, just as large as the first, but the sign overhead made it clear that this was going to be even hotter - they had a dress code posted that was more strict than any in Manhattan. And, the men who were standing around the big circular serving area showed the effect. Leather stretched out as far as my eye could follow. Humpy men with big, muscular asses hanging out of their chaps, black motorcycle caps on

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top of their heads, chains hanging from their shoulders, their necks, their belts. My back stiffened again. This place was real.

Daddy got us each a beer and I got a chance to look over the full length of his body again. Hot, real hot. He was probably 35, the dark hair on his head thinning just the right way, close cropped and close to the skull. His powerful shoulders spread out from the sinewy neck. His waist came in sharply and promised a well-defined body. Daddy was okay. Those tight jeans of his were fine too. And I wasn't going to scoff at any man who wore that many hankies with such a natural air.

We talked some more when he brought back the drinks. Just social stuff, waiting obviously, for the rest of the "special party" to arrive. There were a few quick gestures back to my tits, just in case I forgot what he had in mind for me. I wasn't about to forget. I was keeping it right on top of my mind.

Pretty soon, he started to indicate it was time to get going. "But, let's go upstairs first."

Upstairs? Another bar! Too much. Only it wasn't a bar, but a leather shop, right there on top of the Eagle. We walked through the rows of goods, a heaven of toys and leather gear. I wasn't sure what Daddy wanted, but I was sure anything he chose from that selection was going to be okay by me!

"Boy, I want to make sure everything is real clear between us, I thought it would be easiest if I just bought you a little present or two and you could let me know just what I got on my hands."

Daddy had stopped in front of a line of hankies. Every color in the rainbow. And he wanted me to chose which ones I was going to wear. Which things he could do to me. Daddy was getting very serious. And, the expression on his face let me know my perception was right. There was no more of the gentle Southern man in him. All the chatter over dinner and the guided touring of DC was over. Daddy wanted me to get down to business.

It's funny how times like that make the sweat just pour out of you. I could feel my underarms clamp up with moisture. It had been easy to be cocky before, but now it was put up or shut up. A lot of the New York attitude had left earlier, but now it all went. I had met my match.

My hand reached out and went to a yellow piece of cloth. Yeah, I'd drink his piss. I nearly stopped. But, shit, why not be honest? I wasn't going to find a man like this in a while, not even in New York. My hand reached back and picked out a black hankie. Yeah, daddy, spank my ass. And, how could I let those beefy paws of him go without a try out? The red one had to be there. Would he be able to really handle a full scene? I grabbed a grey cloth too, come on, Daddy, tie up your little boy.

Sweat streaked on my forehead, tension tightened my chest, my ass twitched involuntarily. I had left myself open to whatever this man wanted. The look on his face as I handed him the whole pile of hankies convinced me he wanted it all.

"Time for a party, boy," he winked at me as he took the pile and went to the cash register. The clerk smirked when he came back to me and slowly, methodically placed each one of the colored pieces of cloth in my right pocket.

We went back out, I got a quick look at the even larger crowd of men at the Eagle bar and made a mental note to myself to return to DC for a little solitary cruising as soon as I got a chance. We got into Daddy's car and drove off, back over toward Dupont Circle, nearer to Georgetown. Daddy had made his point; he had no time for small talk now. And I had gotten Daddy's point, I didn't try to make conversation.

We pulled up to a townhouse in a renovated district a short while later. Daddy parked the car and led me up the street to the door, he rang the bell without hesitation, and before I knew it this tall, lanky guy pulled the door open and we walked in.

There were no social preliminaries at this party! Daddy just took me downstairs into one of the most complete dungeons I'd ever seen. There was a series of small rooms, all dark, all lit with only the most subtle red bulbs. And, all with naked, or near naked men walking through. "Strip, boy." Daddy was ready to play.

And, Daddy played rough that night. I got my ass shaved clean on a barber chair first. He didn't want any of it to interfere with my hole. He wanted a clean entry. He sure used that hole once it was scraped bare. That beefy fist of his went flying deep up into my bowels with such

fineness and expertise I had ever experienced. "Just to get you in the mood." Or, so he said. His mood that night was pretty raunchy — it had a lot to do with piss and this mean black belt he had decided belonged on my ass. It sure visited there often enough. And he acted like my tits were the greatest discovery since the Pyramids. They felt that big when he was finished.

The night in that playroom was a true peak experience for me. Right up to and including Daddy leading me around on my hands and knees, through the whole maze of the basement and into a bathtub that had a metal bar that came down and trapped me while Daddy and some of his friends relieved themselves of several beers.

I'm not even sure if I know how it ended that night. Pure exhaustion took over at some point. Daddy was hot, all right, and he was good, but he just plain wore me out. I only vaguely remember him picking me up at the end and carrying me up the stairs. Somehow he got me into my clothes. He must have had a friend help me, I remember some of his conversation: "Don't you just love these New Yorkers when they get to DC? You'd think they never saw a man before."

Well, what can I say? I've been back often enough since then. And I certainly learned one very important lesson from Daddy: Leather doesn't just happen in a few big cities. You just have to be open to it in the rest of the country. Believe me, it's there.

— Jim Pearce



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In the not too-distant past, Washington, DC was one big, suffocating closet. The city of national government and international intrigue abounded with fear, secrecy and paranoia. Some of the most horrifying tales of the vulnerability of homosexuals during the 50's come out of the witch-hunting that J. Edgar Hoover so delightfully oversaw on the banks of the Potomac.

The new Washington provides one of the most sensational examples of just how far we've come. The idea of the lurking shadow figures that inhabited gay DC thirty years ago are impossible to conjure up in a city that now has some of the flashiest discos, the heaviest leather bars, the most successful gay inner-city rehabilitations. Instead of Presidential aides being busted in tea rooms, today's Washington has out-spoken gay people on the staffs of Senators and Representatives, the gay vote is sought by politicians, gay lobbyists wheel and deal with the best of them.

Residents are fond of calling the capital "just a small Southern city." The sly understatement won't prepare the visitor for such large and successful dance spots as the Other Side, Lost and Found or The Pier. It certainly won't prepare them for the Eagle -in-Exile, which with New York's Flamingo holds the title of most butch disco in the country. You've never seen any "small Southern city" with a mass of leather and denim-clad men sweating out the pulsing sounds of the latest music. It might sound like a contradiction or a missing of metaphors, but it works. "It works *real* good," as the residents are likely to say in the exaggerated accent they enjoy pulling on "Northerns."

For the Drummer man, though, the most pleasant surprise is going to be the Eagle. The DC Eagle is quite probably the largest leather bar in the country by almost any measure — size, consistent popularity, number of men, square feet of black leather visible, etc. It's recently expanded to a new location, only a block from the old site on Ninth Street. It not only is the place for leather cruising it's also the willing host for many of the city's special interest and motorcycle clubs. Not the least impressive fact about the Eagle, and Washington, is their claim to be the founding spot for the Golden Shower Association that's been setting up clubs up and down the East Coast with a fluid rapidity. (By the way, anyone who's visited DC recently will be able to tell you that one of the pleasures of the capital is the remarkable number of men into water sports. Golden Showers are to Washington what fist fucking is to San Francisco and New York — hardly a perversion, actually expected behavior.)

Another recommended stop is Cy's, a friendly neighborhood bar on the fringes of the District's fashionable Georgetown area. Cy's is the other bar where clubs meet, it draws more than its fair share of leather, a good looking crowd, and has that special warmth that a local pub provides.

An archaic liquor law has provided gay Washingtonians with one special advantage over any other major Eastern city. In order to serve alcohol, an establish-



ment must also serve food, in fact it has to have complete meal service. I doubt you'll ever have as good a meal in a leather bar as the menu at the Eagle provides. Brunch, almost needless to say, is an institution in all the bars. Lost and Found especially puts on a show with its Sunday meals.

And, at least two restaurants fill out the list of the District's eating attractions

Rascal's is located in Washington's new gay ghetto, a surprisingly rehabilitation area in the Northwest area dotted with some of the minor embassies. Directly across the street is Kramerbooks & Afterwards, a bookstore with an oh-so-tasteful cafe in the rear.

Also, for those who like the vapors, Thursday is Leather Night at the Club Washington, 20 "O" Street, SE

John Preston

The Eagle	908 Seventh Street, NW
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Rascals	1520 Connecticut Ave., NW
Kramerbooks & Afterwards	1517 Connecticut Ave., NW
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Cy's	2412 Wisconsin Ave., NW
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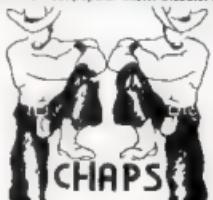
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1251 S. Parton, Santa Ana, CA 92707. See Drumbeats as in this ISSUE



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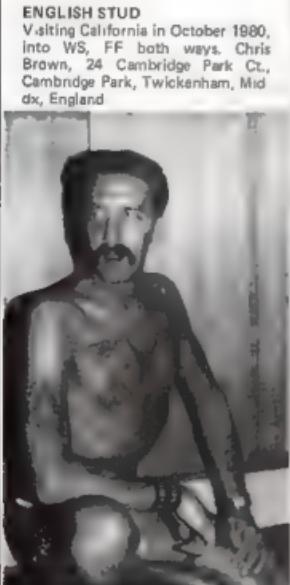
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Paul Lajoie, 260 Wellesley St E., No. 1103, Toronto, Ont., Canada M4X-1G8 is coming to California in March 1980 and is looking for a good slave. Into fist ing, enemas, dildoes, water sports, bondage and S&M.



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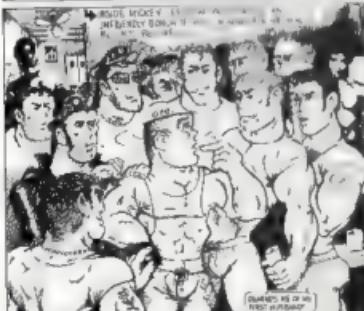
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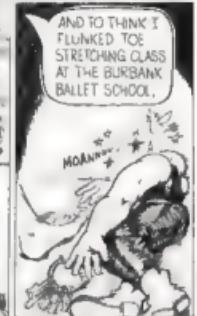
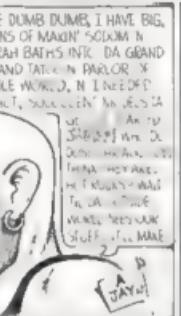
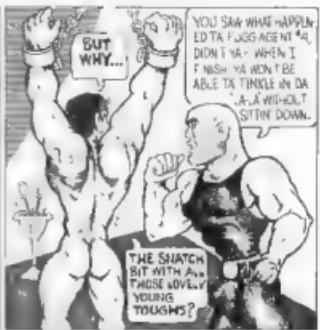
SO FAR: OUR TWO SUPER-CREAMY FUGG* AGENTS-HARRY CHESS AND MICKEY MUSCLE HAVE HIT S.F. AFTER RECEIVING ORDERS FROM SECRETIVE FUGG HEAD #1 THAT LOVELY YOUNG TOUGHS WERE MYSTERIOUSLY HI-JACKED FROM HAIGHT-BERRY SCENE THAT VERY NITE. IT WAS ONLY AFTER OUR TWO HEROES SPLIT DID HARRY UNCOVER THE LEATHERY 'N SINISTER 'SODOM 'N GOMORRAH BATHS' ONCE INSIDE HE KNEW SOMETHING SMELLED FISHY (BESIDES THE SHEETS!)

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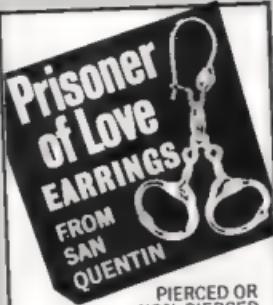
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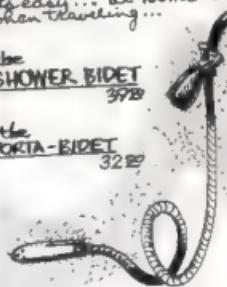
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NELSON OF THE YUKON

(continued from page 31)

was nothing he could do against them. He was strung up like a side of beef.

Simard patted Nelson's dangling ass and said, "Relax, mon ami. Do not worry. You'll like it. You are in for the fuck of your life."

It slowly dawned on Nelson what Simard meant. He had heard about it and read about it but, shit, he didn't think he'd ever be doing it! He broke into a cold sweat and flexed every muscle, determined to break the straps. No good. His ass-cheeks only spread wider.

Simard held an open bottle of whiskey up to Nelson's lips and said, "Here, take some of this. It'll warm you up."

Nelson did as he was told, downing almost half the bottle before Simard could pull it away. He was glad when the liquor started working right away. There was a soothing warmth in his belly and the tension eased out of his muscles.

Simard looked between Nelson's legs and was surprised to discover Nelson's cock was erect and pulsing again. He laughed and gave it a hard slap. "Doesn't that tick of yours ever take a rest?"

"Not since it met you," winced Nelson. He couldn't help shuddering when Simard lay a strip of grease in his crack and worked some up his bunghole with his index finger. Then there were two fingers.

"Ohhh, fuck," groaned Nelson. When Simard's third finger went into him he grit his teeth and slowly shook his head from side to side, determined not to scream out at the tiny razors stabbing his ass.

Simard reached over and took turns playing with both of Nelson's nipples. Hard as rock, the brown thimbles stood out a mile and stung like branding irons in Simard's rough, twisting fingers. "You sure got a hell of a set of hunkly tits, mon ami. I could mash your tits all day."

"Don't stop. Don't stop!" pleaded Nelson. A popper snapped under his nose and suddenly there was a blinding white flash in the room. Every blood vessel in his body seemed to blow up, spinning his senses around and switching on a light shown in his head.

Simard got the last of his fingers up the bunghole and shoved until his whole hand was buried up to the wrist. Nelson couldn't take the pain any longer and let out a long, tormented scream. Then, with the sweat pouring off him, he begged, "Don't stop! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Simard snapped another popper for Nelson and worked his grease-slicked arm deeper into Nelson's ass, while the stud-cop squirmed every inch of the way. Simard's free hand left off mashing Nelson's tits and grabbed the Mountie's cock instead, stroking it savagely on its way to ultimate submission.

Nelson grimaced against the double assault and kept making deep gurgling sounds in the back of his throat. His cock was primed so tight it felt like someone had slipped an extra-small condom over it. The pre-cum was pouring out so fast that some guys would think Nelson was already coming. But he wasn't, and that's why Simard didn't let up the constant pressure and abuse.

"Holy shit, cocksucking motherfucker!!" Nelson screamed as the first wad erupted from his cock and landed high on his stomach. The second gob hit Simard under the chin while the third creamed the inside of Nelson's thigh. The rest of Nelson's load didn't have the same power behind it and just gushed out his pisshole and dribbled gooey down over Simard's hand.

Simard grabbed his own cock and gave it a couple of long strokes. That was all he needed for his own load of spunk to shoot out, hitting Nelson in the balls and making cream-of-crotch soup.

Exhausted, flushed and hurting, Nelson drooped in the sling. He was totally drained. Nothing - not four hours in the gym, not a rugged game of football, not making it with every secretary in the office at the same time - nothing compared with all the bodily sensations he had gone through with Simard.

"Ahhhhh!" Nelson gasped as the bear-like powerhouse pulled his hand out and the cool air rushed in to freeze his guts before the sphincter closed tight. How long had the whole assault lasted? He didn't know. He didn't care.

Simard cradled the fucked-over Mountie in his arms while he unhooked the straps and then staggered to the bed with

the load.

Ten seconds on the warm fur covering and Nelson was out. Simard smiled down at the sleeping muscle-stud and ran his hand over Nelson's firm pecs, surprised at just how soft and pliable the nipples were when their owner wasn't excited. Carefully, he bent over and sucked Nelson's flaccid meat into his mouth, licking the salty-sweet cum off the rubbery shaft as he played with the pisshole.

Nelson groaned and Simard felt a surge of blood race to Nelson's pecker. "Not again," he chuckled.

Nelson woke with a start. At first, he didn't know where he was or what had happened. Then the wood and fur smells of the cabin soaked in and he remembered. He remembered everything. Clearly.

Flat on his back looking up at the ceiling, Nelson smiled. "We've got a little problem, Simard," he said. "I don't really want to, but I'm supposed to be taking you in. Remember?"

No answer.

"Simard?" Puzzled, Nelson got up on one elbow and looked around. The kerosene lamps were out and there was only a dim flicker of light coming from the fireplace, but it was still easy to see that Nelson was in the cabin alone.

"Shit!" snapped Nelson. "Damn! Shit! Fuck!" he fumed, stamping around the cabin, knocking over chairs and anything else he could get his hands on. A sheet of paper stuck on a set of antlers over the mantle caught his attention. Pulling it off, he read:

Mon ami Mountie -

You best copfuck I ever have. I go across border for a while where you can't follow. But I let you catch me again soon.

Pierre.

Nelson grinned and gave his cock a playful tug. "I'll be back, Pierre. You can count on it. Yo... ain't going to get away from me so easily. Hell, I'm just getting to know you."

A new thought crossed his mind and he ran a hand over the stubble-growth on his face. "First, though, I gotta figure out what the hell I'm going to tell the Inspector."

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ASTROLOGIC

PISCES ♓ (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) Did your birthday come in like a lion or a lamb? In other words, did a Leo come in you or are you back to fucking sheep?

PISCES M: No matter how this month came in you're still just a gentle little lamb who's grateful for anything that'll come in or on you. And remember to say *thank you, Sir!*

ARIES ♈ (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Hairy and hard-headed like your symbol, you'll find yourself ramming any butts you can find this month with everything from your cock to your fist.

ARIES M: You sniveling old goat . . . Horny to you means your unquenchable thirst for pain.

TAURUS ♉ (Apr. 20-May 20) Almost time again for those upcoming April showers. Stock up lots of cheap beer. A good slave needs to be well watered to grow properly. So soak the bastards to the skin!

TAURUS M: Spring rains can't hold a candle to those beautiful golden drops streaming from your Master's pulsating prick.

GEMINI ♊ (May 21-June 20) Only a dual personality like yours can be so alternately cruel and kind. Obviously, you make the best sadists and will beat the shit out of anyone who says you don't.

GEMINI M: You have mastered the art of being both loving and cruel at the same time. Sodomize yourself with a corn cob while kissing your Master's whip.

CANCER ♋ (June 21-July 22) Celebrate St. Patrick's Day by shoving a hot shillelagh up some Irish M's ass 'til he pees green!

CANCER M: Even if you aren't Irish, you can lie, can't you? And if your Master catches you in a lie and punishes you, all the better!

LEO ♌ (July 23-Aug. 22) Coming in like a lion is nothing new to you. Your entrances into leather bars are so often right out of old Loretta Young shows.

LEO M: Why do Leos—who seem born to be forceful—make such good masochists? Because they force others to beat, humiliate, degrade and torture them!

Virgo ♍ (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) This is supposed to be a great year for Virgoes. Start stoning up slaves during this period 'cause the lean years are sure to follow like shit follows a feast.

Virgo M: A good year to a Virgo M just means more bad luck and failure than usual.

LIBRA ♎ (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) As winter ends and the snows begin to melt, spring stirs in your loins. Your cock begins to swell, needing to burst from your leather cod piece like a throbbing tulip from its smelly bed of dirt.

LIBRA M: And when that dirty cock bursts forth, your eager lips will be right there like the proverbial bird getting the worm.

SCORPIO ♏ (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) Lots of Scorpios are heavily into uniforms and uniform parties. Have you heard President Carter's latest talk about the draft?

SCORPIO M: Do we have a fun time planned for you in Afghanistan! No, dear, that's not a leather bar back east.

SAGITTARIUS ♐ (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) One thing about howling March winds . . . they drown out the howling of the slaves in your basement.

SAGITTARIUS M: You blow just like the March winds: all sound and fury and cold wet gums.

CAPRICORN ♑ (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Leap year is here! Have you tried playing leap frog over rows of naked slaves, faces to the floors, ass holes to the wind? Dildoes add a note of variety to the game.

CAPRICORN M: This Leap Year consign yourself to a zoo, because it's also the Chinese year of the fucking monkey.

AQUARIUS ♒ (Jan. 22-Feb. 18) If you missed your birthday, what the hell! Throw a belated birthday party. If you're man enough, no one will complain. But remember, not everyone enjoys a good time. So make your favorite masochists feel better by not inviting them.

AQUARIUS M: Get a new job where you have to serve as many people as possible. Try becoming a bartender.

—by Aristide

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CONRAP

CLEAN SLATE

"Tens of millions of Americans have arrest records. Half of all males will be arrested some time in their lives. Arrest records are not a special characteristic of a criminal class unless, that is, most of us are criminals."

"Most people who have been arrested try to conceal their records. Some succeed. Others do not. Public employers and licensing agencies — which control more than 20 percent of all jobs in the United States — generally find out about the arrests. So do many private employers, especially those with large work forces. Law enforcement agencies give out the information; credit bureaus collect it and sell it to private employers, insurance companies, and creditors."

Aryeh Neier
ACLU

Arrest records are an unnecessary hindrance in a lot of cases. Neier's observations only touch the surface. When files already exist in other government agencies that are themselves collectors of information, an arrest record is like a red flag.

Not everyone knows about the process of expungement, where arrest records, after a certain time, or after certain application is made, can be sealed. Expungement means forever: the hazard of arrest information falling into the hands of a potential employer is eradicated completely. Information that an arrest record has been expunged is also withheld from public disclosure.

Tom Ballinger, the Executive Director of the Central Assistance League, has written a definitive book on the process of expunging arrest records. The first half of the massive paperback is devoted to the act of expungement itself: what it is, how it works, all the necessary procedures and application the arrested person faces. The rights of the arrested person under the law are outlined; information on how records are obtained, maintained and disseminated by a national information network is explained.

But the second half of Ballinger's book, *Clean Slate*, is the most important: a state-by-state listing of the laws and procedures for expungement. While part one is absolute necessary reading, Ballinger goes beyond telling you what it is by advising you how it can be done, quickly, effectively, permanently.

Clean Slate by Tom Ballinger, Harmony Books/Crown Publishers, 1979, paperback; 304 pages; \$8.95.

GETTING DRUMMER

A number of readers of this column have asked if they could advertise themselves as pen pals to prisoners, suspecting that a larger number of prisoners read this column than send in their name and requests. Probably very few prisoners read Con Rap because Drummer is ban-

ned in almost all U.S. prisons.

Prisoners know about Con Rap from another source, The Gaycon Newsletter. Drummer is considered a "danger to the general population" (different prison officials call it different things, but that's our favorite excuse). Of course, we all know it has to do with oppression and heterosexuality.

Some of the comments in this column would not be well received by prison officials. Basically, Drummer feels that the prison system is and always has been a failure. It fails to correct, it fails to rehabilitate, it fails to punish. It employs a lot of people who can't find civil service jobs elsewhere, and it takes a percentage of the public money — but it has yet to prove any viable function. Too often it creates criminals. Often it takes lives or allows lives to be taken. The recent New Mexico prison murder spree shows how ineffective the prison is in even maintaining the safety of its inmates.

So, Drummer would recommend that all prisons be shut down, that anyone not committed for a serious offense be released, and that serious offenders and we are talking about murders, rapists, political frauds, arsonists, and the like be confined to medical facilities where they can at least be observed and/or receive proper treatment.

But that's not the kind of talk a fat-cat prison warden wants to hear, especially not from some uppity homosexuals.

"There are only two kinds of people in the world: those who are in prison and those who are not." — Various Authors

PRISONERS

Leslie Wardwell, No. 059718, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091

I am white, 28 years old, and would appreciate it if you would list my name in your prisoner's column. I do not currently receive mail from anyone. I am serving 15 years to life and got before the review board in 1981. I have served 6 years of my sentence. I will answer any and all letters. James Middle, 140-487, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

I am a gay 31 year old prisoner. I'm seeking a parole sponsor. I'm due for parole in August 1980. I'm 1/4 Irish, 3/4 Indian, 6', 160 lbs. I write songs, play the guitar and I'm a sports fan. I'll answer any letters I receive. Juniper Hardy, No. 145871, 15802 St., Route 104, Chillicothe, OH 45601.

I am a gay prisoner. I'm 26, 6', 170 lbs., brown hair and blue eyes, muscular and well hung. Robin C. Bender, No. 140-624, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699

I am 26 years old, have dark brown hair and brown eyes. I'm 5'5", weigh 135 lbs., and am a Scorpio. I will answer all letters, and do not get any mail, so please write. Donald McBride, Box 520-263643, Walla Walla, WA 99362.

H2 H2

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PASSION AT PALAZZO

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Casanova Clarifies Crazed Carousing

VERNICE, Saturday, June 1 — G. J. Casanova, former army officer and Secretary to His Eminence Cardinal Aquaviva, explained today in an exclusive interview the circumstances surrounding last night's frenzied escapades at his palazzo in the exclusive San Marco section of Venice. Casanova stated that he had invited several young ladies for a Friday evening of chamber music. Late in the afternoon, he received a small bottle of RUSH Liquid Incense* from a friend, who whispered certain unbelievable claims concerning it. Casanova placed the gift aside and thought no more about it; until, during the evening, one of the ladies inquired as to its strange nature.

In attempting to open the jar, Casanova alleged that his arm was jarred by the fiddle player's bow, and the incense spilled upon the carpet. Claiming the grounds of chivalry, Casanova refused further comment on what ensued prior to the scene represented (at right) by our roving artist who arrived at the palazzo at 4:00 am.

Casanova's only further comment was to inquire as to where he might obtain more Rush "whatever the cost." Investigation reveals that Casanova was expelled from the Seminary of St. Cyprian at age 16 for "scandalous behaviour." Unconfirmed reports suggested that his lengthy vacation in Paris last year may have been prompted by certain threats made by several irate Venetian husbands.



To get your RUSH Liquid Incense* or Sensual Body Lubricant* by mail order, see our coupon on page 80 of this issue.